



32101 078162011

WIGWAM PAPERS AND TOTEM TALKS BY

John Hargrave



RECAP



Princeton University Library



J. MONROE THORINGTON

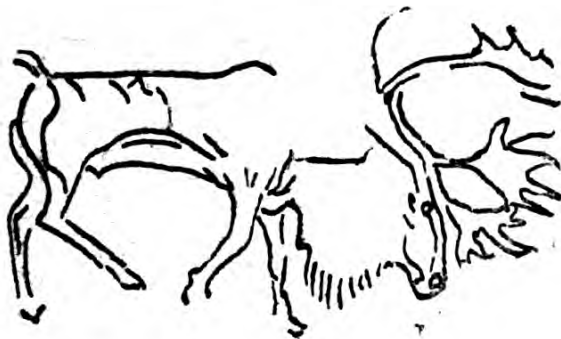
*Collection of
Western Americana*

750
JAN

THE WIGWAM PAPERS AND TOTEM TALKS

(Combined Edition)

BY
JOHN HARGRAVE
(White Fox)



London
C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.
Henrietta Street
1920

A MANUAL OF
THE OUTDOOR LIFE FOR GIRLS

Camp Fire Training for Girls

By **RUTH CLARK**

(MINOBI)

With Foreword by Lady Baden-Powell
and Introduction by John Hargrave
(White Fox). Illustrated by the Author.
Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d. net.
(Postage 4d.)

It contains Chapters on :—What is a Camp Girl?
—How to form a Tribe—Camp Fire Costume—
Camp Fire Ceremonies—Camp Fire Crafts—
Camp Fire Lore—Nature Lore—Squaw Craft—
Health in Camp—How to make a Wigwam—How
to make Moccasins, and a hundred other practical
tips for those who follow the outdoor trail.

A. F. SOWTER, Publisher, "The Scout" Offices,
28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C. 2.

PREFACE TO THE COMBINED EDITION

THESE two little books are "bound up together" in more senses than one!

Each relies upon the other to some extent—so we have come to the conclusion that to bind them together will be a convenience to those who, having read the one, would like to possess the two.

I had no idea when they were first issued that so great an interest existed in the Out-Door Trail. The sale of these little volumes has been an eye-opener. Both ran out of print, and the number of letters which have reached me from readers shows that there is a growing public who are "out" for the call of the wild, and who are listening to the Voice of Nature through the hideous hum of our modern mechanical maelstrom.

Both books have been revised here and there and some matter added. My thanks are due to all those who gave their first appearance such a hearty reception.

J. H.

London, 1920.

1546 H00401
104004 7451

BY THE SAME AUTHOR
Published by G. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED

TRIBAL TRAINING

containing fascinating chapters on—

**NATURE-CRAFT. CAMP-FIRE RITUAL AND CEREMONY.
PRIMITIVE TRIBAL TESTS FOR BOYS. SIGNS, SYMBOLS
AND TOTEMS. CAMP-CRAFT, ADVENTURE, ROMANCE.
HEALTH LORE.**

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Illustrated by the Author.
Price 3s. 6d. net. Postage 6d. extra.

TOTEM TALKS

A Companion Volume to "Wigwam Papers."

Paper wrapper. Price 1s. net. Postage 3d. extra.

This volume may be had bound in cloth, with Wigwam Papers,
making one volume. Price 3s. 6d. net. Postage 6d. extra.
Fully illustrated.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

Paper Cover. Price 1s. 6d. net. Postage 3d. extra.

Over 200 illustrations.

LONECRAFT

In paper wrapper. Price 2s. net.

(Published by CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.)

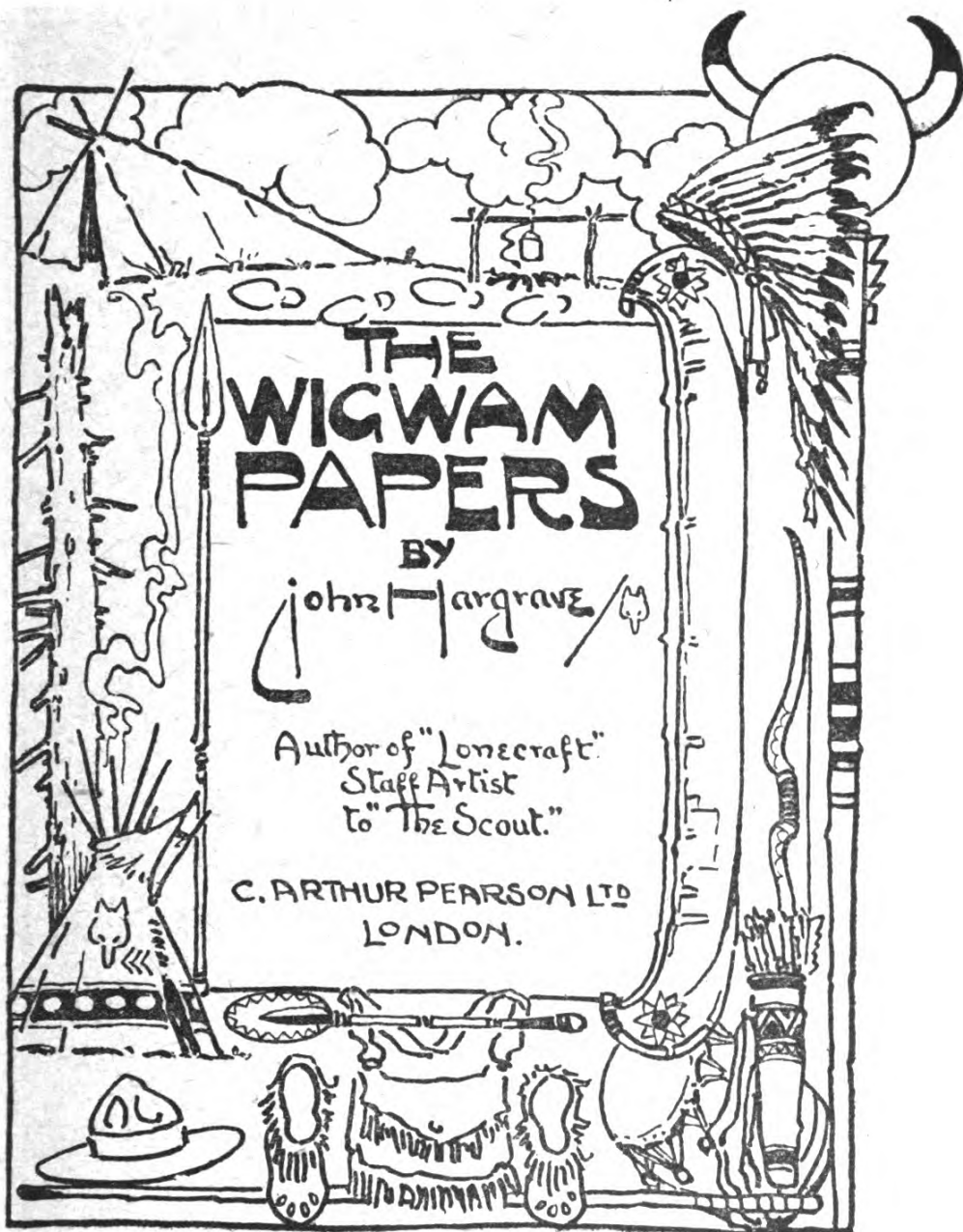


THE WIGWAM PAPERS

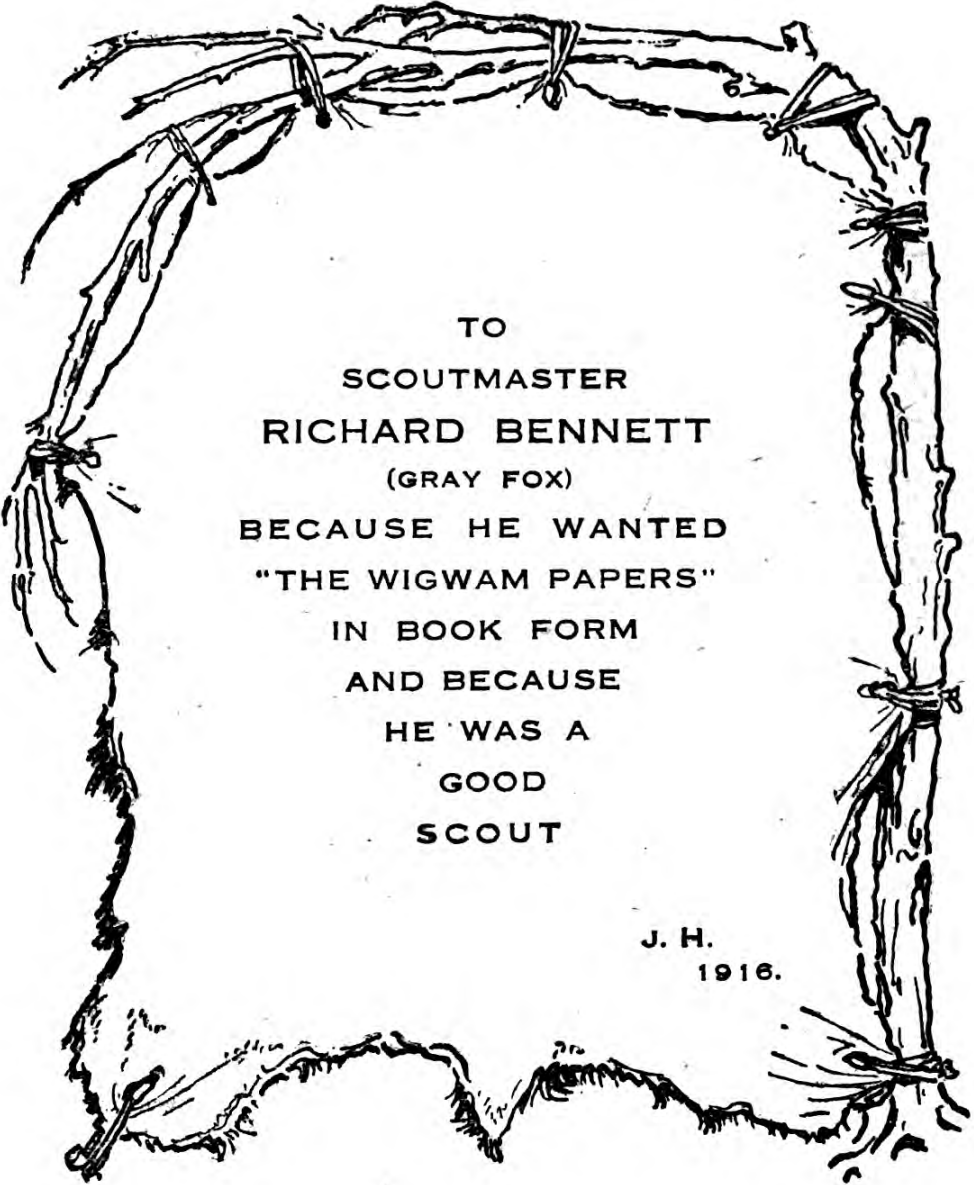
NEW
AND
REVISED
EDITION



WOODCRAFT SCOUT.



1920



TO
SCOUTMASTER
RICHARD BENNETT
(GRAY FOX)
BECAUSE HE WANTED
"THE WIGWAM PAPERS"
IN BOOK FORM
AND BECAUSE
HE WAS A
GOOD
SCOUT

J. H.
1916.

PRELIMINARY PALAVER

BROTHER SCOUTS,



When I was a small boy I was always very keen on books of adventure. I read all kinds of books, from Stevenson's *Treasure Island* to *Ancient Egyptian Remains*.

But not content with reading about these things, I must needs try to *do* them. I had a hut or platform in the trees where I and Frank and Ted and Rob, Percy and Jim Crow pretended to be prehistoric tree-men. This idea I got from Edward Clodd's *Primitive Man*.

Then I read Kipling's *Jungle Book*, and we became the "Bandar-log" or monkey-people. We imposed all kinds of tests upon ourselves. You had to be able to whistle like a bird, swing from branch to branch, and hang on a bough by the feet, head

downwards without falling, before being allowed to join the "Bandar-log."

I had a Council Rock near a limestone quarry, on which we lit sacred fires and from which I addressed Frank and Rob and Percy and Jim Crow at our Council Meetings.

One day I got hold of a magazine—*Pearson's* I think it was—in which was a story called "Don Q," by Hesketh Prichard. After that we turned ourselves into Spanish banditti and called ourselves "The Brigands."

We thought ourselves very fierce and we all carried a one-and-ninepenny automatic pistol in which we fired a roll of pink "caps." I wore a cycle-cape to look as much like the illustrations of "Don Q" as possible. I also carried a bull's-eye flash lantern.

We hid among rocks; and sometimes we wore a black mask. I made the masks out of cardboard and painted them black. We tied them round our heads with bits of string.

Next I led my "gang" to a little spinney where we made a "Kraal" of the Zulu type—a circular hut of bent hazel boughs. I had been reading one of Rider Haggard's stories.

We had a code of our own something like this :—

A/B/C/D./E./F/G/H/I./J./K./ etc.

And you were sworn to secrecy and had to sign a paper to say that you promised never to give away the secret code.

I well remember writing a little article for our own use. It was called *How to do Scouting*, and in it were

several diagrams of the sort you find in history-books, showing how to lead one "gang" against another without being seen. This was four or five years before the Boy Scout Movement was started.

We plaited "wampum" belts of green rushes which we cut from a tiny stream. We dammed the stream and made a miniature harbour—and a water-logged trunk was our submarine.

We caught the little fresh-water cray-fish and pretended to be pearl-fishers of the South Sea Islands—which idea I evolved after reading Stevenson's *Island Nights Entertainments*. There is a shiny lump in the head of these cray-fish which we made believe was a precious stone.

Next came the pea-shooter rage. These we cut from the long hollow green stems of the hemlock which grew rank and tall at the back of the school.

We bought pennyworths of dried peas at the seedsman's and with a mouth full we "flirted" them at the other boys. They sting—and we brought the art of pea-shooting with a hemlock blow-pipe to such a nicety that many were late for "roll-call," being afraid to run the gauntlet past our firing-line.

Next term we found peas sprouting up all over the cricket-pitch and the "head" had something to say about it.

We made wigwams of dust-sheets and penny canes and we painted our faces with war-paint made of cocoa and lard.

Thus you see we did a good deal of scoutcraft although there were no organised Boy Scouts in those days.

I have compiled these "Wigwam Papers" in the hope that they may be of use to boys, and especially woodcraft scouts, who are trying to "adventure," as I did long ago.

JOHN HARGRAVE.

December, 1916.

FOREWORD TO NEW EDITION

FOUR years ago "The Wigwam Papers" were sent out to the camps of the woodcraft kindred. The first edition has been "out of print" for some time, and as people continue to ask for this little book it has become necessary to issue a new and revised edition. The most encouraging thing about it is this—the ideas suggested in this book have been, and are being, carried out by scouts and woodcrafters. Huts, tents, wigwams, spears, kites, lathes, sleds, camp-costumes, and a hundred and one other things have been made and used in the camps of the "Kibbo Kift."

"Kibbo Kift?" I hear you say. "What is Kibbo Kift?"

Kibbo Kift is an old English expression meaning, literally, "proof of great strength"—or "The Strong."

So, to-day, in the woodcraft camps we speak of: KIBBO KIFT—meaning the Idea and Ideal of the Great Out-Door Trail and the Open-Air Education.

THE KIBBO KIFT—meaning The Woodcraft Kindred, or the people who follow the Great Out-Door Trail.

TO BE KIBBO KIFT—meaning, to be a good camper and woodcrafter, to be a clean, strong, upright man (woman, or child).

If someone says to you, "He's Kibbo Kift," it means he's made of the right stuff—a clean sportsman, a chivalrous and courageous man, and one who can look after himself and other people anywhere at any time.

So "Kibbo Kift" is a sort of "hall-mark" of the real woodcraft Wigwam Scout—the young back woodsman.

It is good to have an old English title like this by which you may recognise the trail of The Woodcraft Kindred.

This new and revised edition is sent out from the Big Smoke in the hope that it is full of Kibbo Kift (the Idea)—that it will be useful to the Kibbo Kift (the Kindred), and that it may help others who have not yet hit the trail to be Kibbo Kift.

Peace to you all, and Good Hunting!

WHITE FOX.

Kibbo Kift Camp.
1920.

STORY-TIME

As round the Council Fire we sit,
"A story, sir!" they cry;
Each eager face is orange-lit,
And eke each eager eye.

On summer nights the tales were told,
By swopping tit for tat.
"Did he escape?"—"Who got the gold?"
"What happened after that?"

With anxious faces all a-glow,
Comes "Is it true?" at last.
"Why, every story's true, you know,
Until the story's past."

J. H.

INDIAN WISDOM FOR BOY SCOUTS

By John Langrauz



SETTING
FORTH
ON HIS
TEST

HEALTH AND ENDURANCE

EVERY man of Britain and every Boy Scout is on his honour to try to keep up a good standard of health and endurance. It may be of interest to learn something from the stoic Red Indians of North America.

The Indians invariably put down their wonderful feats of hardihood and endurance to *the cold dip in the river every morning*. In the best tribes, the Blackfeet especially, this morning "dip" was never forgotten. It was a tribal custom, just as it is a tribal custom of the Boy Scouts to get a cold bath or a rub-down every morning.

Just as the Scout has to pass his various tests of endurance—so the Indian boy had to go away by himself with nothing but a spear or a tomahawk, and look after himself by himself for at least one month. During which time he had to hunt his own food, make his own clothes and moccasins from the skins of bears and other animals, cook his own food and *keep away from his tribe*. In fact, he had to keep himself



INDIAN BOY
MAKING HIS
OWN CLOTHES

THE BIRCH BARK STRIP



BY
"WA-
WHAW-
GOOSH"

THE WANDERING
PICTURE-WRITER.



hidden from all human beings during his test of endurance.

SILENCE

The Indian from earliest childhood was always taught to keep silence. You will find in all Red Indian stories that the stolid silence of the Indian is described.

Above all a Chief was expected to be a man who could "hold his tongue" until such time as it became necessary for him to speak to his braves and men of wisdom in the Council Lodge, or at the Council Fire.

The Indian knew only too well the "folly of words," and it was considered very "bad form" for a youth who had completed his tests of manhood and had been admitted to the Council, to have too much talk. They considered that a man who could keep silence, who could at all times control his tongue, could also control

his whole body. Too much talk is the sign of the tenderfoot. The old-hand, the "sourdough," the "moss-back" does not "jaw." He only speaks when there is something important to say.

HONESTY

You know the saying—"Honest Injun"?

Well, that is a good description of the Redskins.

The Indian was noted for his honesty and his reliability. Like the Scout, his "honour was to be trusted," and in all their dealings with the British *they never once broke a treaty* or went back on their word. Whereas the British traders were nothing like so honest, and nearly all the Indian treaties were broken by the British. Had these traders been trained as Scouts the wholesale killing-off of the Indians would never have come about.

KINDNESS

The Red Indian was a good example in kindness, and it was only when he was driven to desperation that he went in for cruel torture. Nearly all their forms of torture used at one time or another by the Indians were learnt from the Spaniards of old, or from the white man of a later date.

The Indian did not "scalp" his enemy alive. When his enemy had been shot, or clubbed, he merely removed the "scalp-lock" to prove that he had accomplished that which he set out to do. Certainly his whole teaching and his religion was one of kindness to man and beast. His children and squaws were happy and well treated.

WOODCRAFT AND SCOUTING

Among all the races of the world the Red Indian stands out as the finest type of man—the real Scout.

In intelligence and cleverness his mind was as quick and nimble as his supple and powerful limbs.



THE
EARLY
MORNING
RUN.

He could not only run and swim, ride and shoot,—he could think clearly and keep his wits about him in a tight corner.

He knew all the signs of the woods, and his knowledge of animals and animal ways made him one of the finest *natural* naturalists in the world. He will be noted for his exceptional tracking powers for ever—and to Scouts especially he should stand forth as a great and noble example of true manhood and keen scoutcraft.

His eagle eye, his unerring judgment in following up a trail, his silent footfall, his graceful carriage of body, his silent tongue, his listening ear, his sniffing nose, his splendid pluck—these, and many more attributes too numerous to mention here, made the Red Indians the finest and most magnificent type of scouthood upon the face of the earth.



ON THE
TRAIL

SAVAGE DANCES FOR CAMP

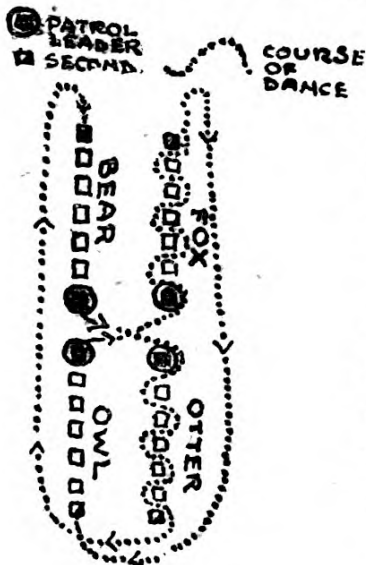


By John Langston



ONE of the best dances I have used in my own private camp is the Snake Dance. The diagram shows how to do it.

Form up in four patrols, Patrol leaders in front, Seconds at the rear. The tom-tom beater sits cross-legged on the ground, and gives three big thumps with his knuckles. Then he continues to



thump to the time of the words "Quick March." All patrols mark time.



KNEE-BAND

The Bear Patrol starts forward and winds in and out of the Otters (see dotted lines), while the Owls wind in and out of the Fox Patrol.

Bears and Owls wheel round

and come back to their original positions; immediately the Otters and Foxes go forward and wind in and out of the Bears and Owls. And so it goes on, quicker and quicker, till they are running hard.

Then the tom-tom suddenly stops and all patrols lie flat on their stomachs.

Tom-tom beats very slowly. Bears and Owls



crawl on all fours in and out of the Otters and Foxes and vice versa.

Then all patrols spring up and join by each Scout putting his hands on the shoulders of the Scout in front of him.

Tom-tom beats quickly and the Snake makes a winding figure eight round the camp-fire. Quicker and quicker they go until at last they are rushing in and out and round about at a furious rate.

The front Patrol-leader holds up his hand, and they hiss altogether like this :

“ S-s-s-s-s-sssssss-ipp ! ”

—and then stop dead and sit down.

The Reindeer Dance is another which goes very well in camp. This is how you do it :

One Scout dresses up as a reindeer.

He holds wooden horns (fret-worked or carved) in front of his forehead. On his back is an old cloth or sack with a rope tail.

All but the spectators round the camp-fire are hidden.

Now the “reindeer ” comes “ mooching ” along at a jog-trot to the slow beat of the tom-tom. He jogs twice round the fire and then goes off into the darkness.

In the distance is heard the hoot of an owl—then another long hollow hoot—and then a third. An Indian hunter comes out of the gloom on the trail



“ THE REINDEER ”

of the reindeer. Here and there he stays to examine the spoor. He turns and gives the owl call.

It is answered. Again it is answered.

Two more hunters come into the firelight on the trail of the reindeer. They follow it twice round the fire to the beat of the tom-tom.

Tom-tom stops. Hunters stop, then bend and listen intently. Reindeer snorts and bellows and comes prancing into the circle.

Reindeer. "Ho! ho! Hunters! Ho! ho!"

Hunters. "Huh!" (*Surprised, they draw their bows.*)

Reindeer.

"Keep your arrows in the quiver,
This is Night-Runner, the Reindeer.
Long ago I went out hunting
In the mountains of the northland,
In the land of the white rabbit.
Here I met a wicked magician,
Who could change men into creatures,
And before I drew my bowstring,
From my head I felt them growing—
The great antlers of the Reindeer.
Long ago I was a hunter,
Of the Blackfeet Tribe of Indians;
But for years I've roamed the prairies—
This is Night-Runner, the Reindeer."

1st Hunter.

"So this is Night-Runner, the young brave,
Fifty winters lost and wailed for—
In the lodges of the Blackfeet."

2nd Hunter.

"How can we break the spell?"

Reindeer.

"If you dance around this
fire
With your eyes fixed on
the pole-star,
On the star-that-never-
moves.
If three times you dance
around me
As I stand beside the fire,
You will break this dread
enchantment—
Set me free again for
ever."

Tom-tom beats. The two
hunters dance round the
reindeer (who stands by fire)
three times with eyes looking
at the pole-star.

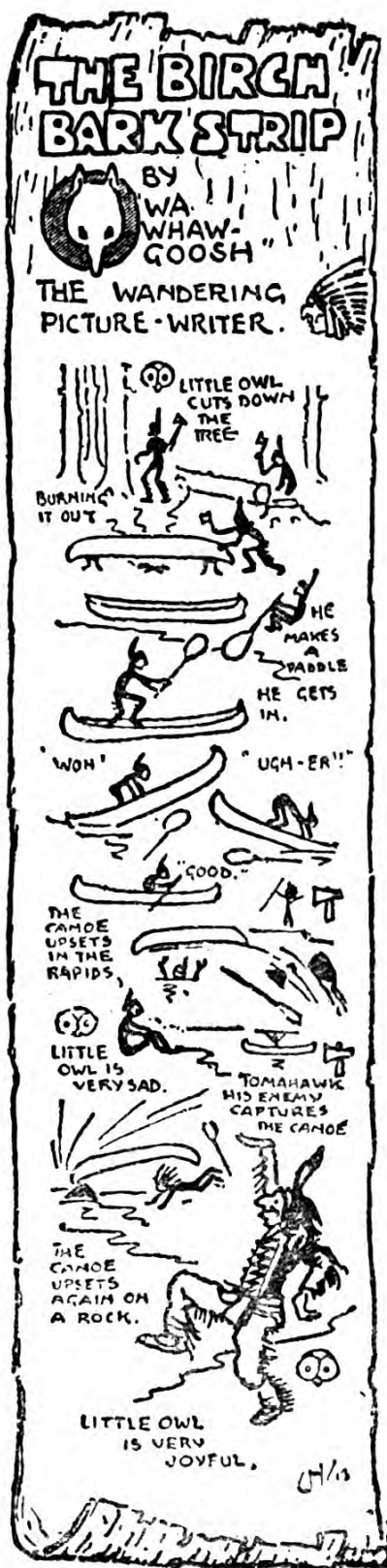
Tom-tom stops. Hunters
turn towards reindeer, who
stands upright and lets his
wooden horns fall off and
throws off cloth and tail.

He salutes and shakes
hands. All jog-trot away
into the darkness to the
quick beating of the tom-
tom.

Dancers should wear no
shirt, no shoes or stockings.

Head-dress of dyed reeds
and leg bands of dyed dead
grass.

These leg bands are made



of scarlet or green braid. The dead grass is sewn in between two lengths of braid, and the band is fastened with a button or patent glove-fasteners.

Strong cherry juice or black-currant juice is the best dye, and this is also very good for daubing the body and face.

Always be as picturesque as possible.

Other Camp Dances will be found in "*Lonecraft*." A certain amount of practice is required before any camp dance "goes" well, but anyone who is keen will practice over and over again until the dance is perfect.

In my own camps everyone has to join in. There are no lookers-on to giggle or jeer—"everybody's doing it."

Anyone who is afraid of being laughed at soon forgets his shyness when he is dancing with all the others.

It is encouraging to know that the dances suggested here are being used in Scout camps, and by Rovers, and that senior boys (over 15 years of age) take up camp dances far more eagerly than younger boys.

HOW TO WIGWAM

TO THE WIGWAMMY SCOUT



These papers are for Wigwammy Scouts. Wigwammy Scouts are those who when they go camping, instead of carrying the ready-made tent, pitch upon a place where they can make their own wigwam.

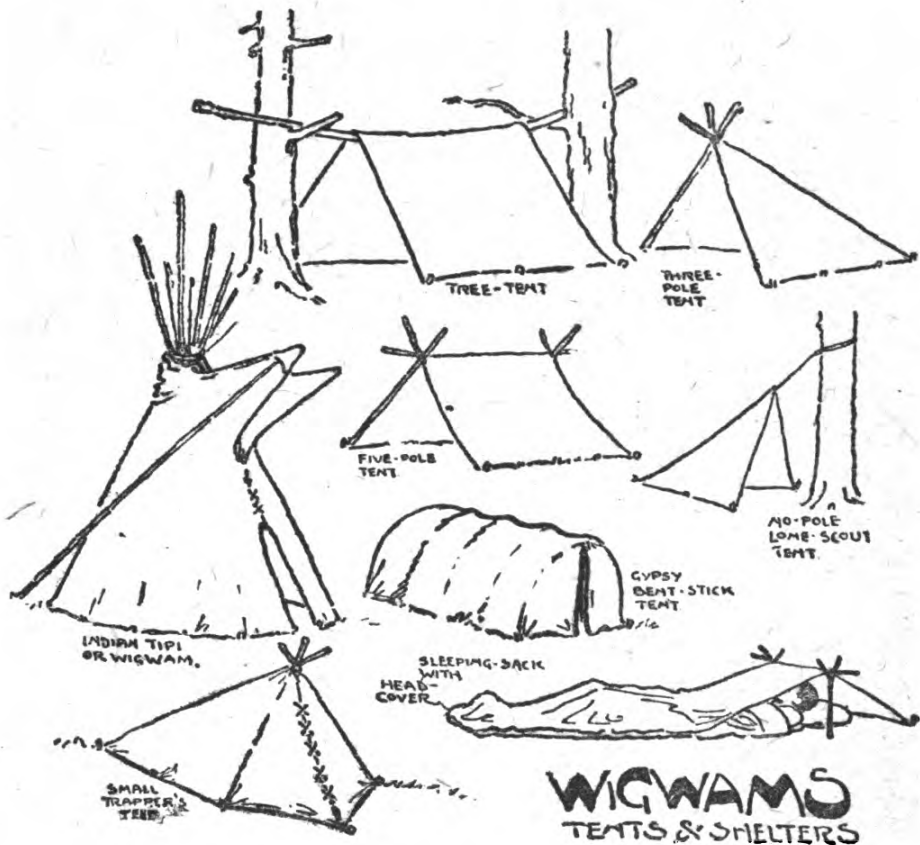
It is true the Red Indians carried their wigwams (or teepees) from one place to another. But this was only when the whole tribe struck camp and moved off to another district.

When the young braves went forth to follow the track of the grizzly or the elk they carried no tent. Like all other wild things they knew how to make themselves a shelter at night-



fall in the prairie grass, in the thickets, or in the mountain gullies.

Every district requires a different wigwam, and the wigwammy Scout must learn to fit his needs to the occasion, and the occasion to his needs.



A TRAVELLER'S WIGWAM

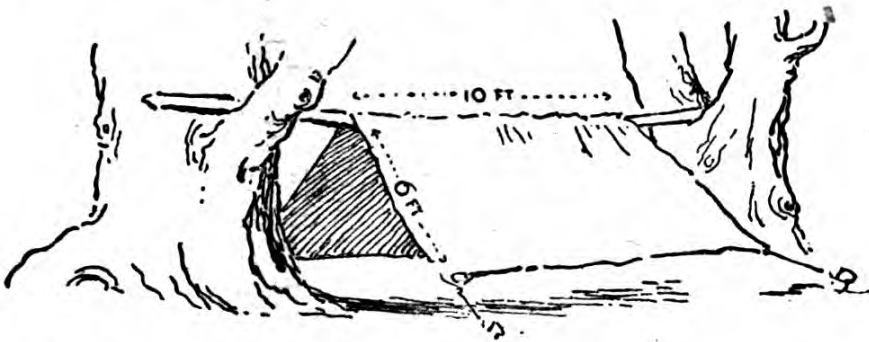
MORE than a hundred years ago Charles Waterton, a country gentleman, quitted his comfortable residence for the sake of penetrating the tropical forests of South America. He set forth alone. His attraction was partly the delight of exploring, partly his zest for natural history and his desire to

discover new birds and beasts ; but principally a curiosity to find out all about the deadly poison with which the Indians of that region tipped the darts of their blow-pipes.

Add to this another attraction which to him was evidently great—the freedom of living a wild life in the wilds instead of in luxury—the manly satisfaction of being all on his own ; of roughing it and foraging for himself, instead of being waited on hand and foot.

His home was Walton Hall, a mansion surrounded by a large park ; he had also considerable estates in Demerara. Yet for the pure joy of it, he must needs lead the life of a tramp, and go forth a wanderer.

He followed the Demerara river partly by canal and partly on foot, through the great unknown forests till he came to the confines of Brazil.



He took with him his own wigwam, which appears to be all that he carried except his notebook.

This wigwam of his was the simplest possible arrangement. This is what he says : " I always take with me a painted sheet, about twelve feet by

ten. This, thrown over a pole, supported betwixt two trees, makes you a capital roof with very little trouble."

The "painted sheet" was a home-made form of what we should now call "American cloth."

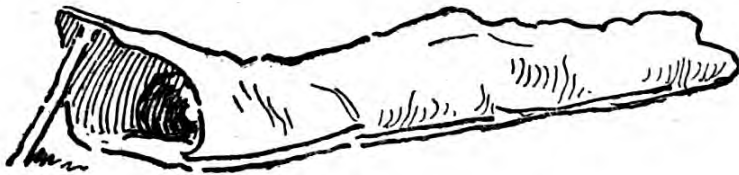
When suspended from a pole you get a roof six feet deep. In the height of summer during sultry weather when plenty of air is wanted, this would be sufficient.

But what about a heavy downpour? You convert yourself and the sheet into a sausage-roll. By means of a stick stuck in the ground you keep



the sheet lifted above your head, which gives you fresh air. Let it rain cats and dogs you are just as comfortable; and in cold weather you are warm and snug. Anyone passing would take you for the Old Woman who lived in a shoe.

In the morning you take up your wigwam and walk, you fold the twelve feet into three feet, roll it up, and hang the roll on your back. During the



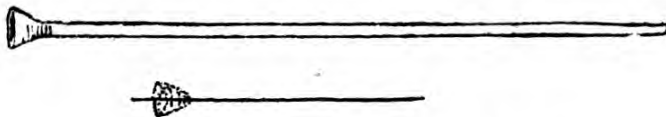
sunny hours you hang it out to dry. Or now and then, when weary with trudging, you use it as a bolster. You lie down and sleep during the heat of

the day. On other occasions you use it for a seat. Moreover you are never without an umbrella.

Charles Waterton discovered a special tribe of Indians called the Macoushi far away in the interior, who prepared the best and strongest poison used by all the tribes of South America, between the Amazon and the Orinoco, for shooting purposes. Although the least scratch of the poison dart entering the blood, killed the animal, it did not in any degree poison the flesh for eating.

As you cannot get the things which make the poison I don't mind letting you into the secret of how it was concocted. The making of it was a solemn and dangerous process performed with the greatest caution and certain peculiar rites and ceremonies in the nature of witchcraft.

But the actual materials used were these: The Macoushi Indian went into the forest in search of a trailing plant like a vine, called Urari. (This name was also the name of the poison. The plant is now known to contain strychnine.) Next he dug up a root of a very bitter taste. (The name is not given.) He then looked about for two kinds of bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice, and filled a little basket with the stalks. (Again the plant is not named.) Lastly he searched about



BLOW-GUN, DART AND QUIVER OF THE
MACOUSHI INDIANS

till he found two species of ants. One of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever. The other is a little red ant, which stings like a nettle.

All these he took home to his wigwam. But still more ingredients were required. He produced a quantity of the strongest Indian pepper.

Next were required the pounded fangs of two venomous serpents—the Labarri and the Bush-master. (The first is a speckled snake of dirty brown colour like the ground on which he coils; he grows to about eight feet, and his bite is fatal. The second is a monster which grows to fourteen feet; he has all the colours of the rainbow, and his poison fangs are deadly.)

You may well imagine that the poison concocted from a mixture of all these things was likely to be of a pretty strong character. You will also understand the need of extreme caution in handling some of these items. The exact method of dealing with them had been handed down from remote antiquity, and, because it was such a solemn and serious business, it had come to be considered “sacred.” Women and girls were not allowed to be present, probably lest their charms or their talk should in any way distract the attention of the operator. The shed under which it was made was pronounced polluted and never again entered. The pot in which it was boiled had to be a new one, and was never again used. The poison-maker must have taken no food that day; neither must he eat for some days to come, during which he underwent many washings. He had to take particular care not to breathe the

vapour which rose from the pot while it was on the fire. Yet with all these and other precautions he was generally ill for some days after.

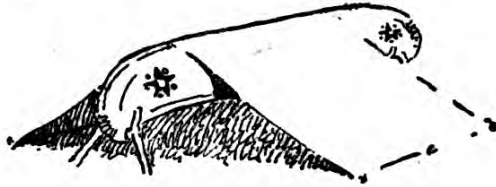
The very life of these Indians depended entirely on a supply of this poison for hunting purposes. It was consequently so precious that Waterton could not get them to sell any. Now and then an accident happened. An Indian aimed at a bird overhead and missed. The dart fell down on his own shoulder. Knowing it was death, the man laid himself down calmly and awaited his end, which came without pain.

These "savages" were never known to use the poison against each other.

The Pygmies of the Congo forests in Central Africa also use the blow-pipe and its poison-dart. Did the two races invent the same thing? I imagine a good story could be told of how, in pre-historic days, a man in a canoe drifted from the one continent to the other, and carried with him the knowledge of this remarkable invention.

I see him distinctly. He was shooting sea-birds off the mouth of the Congo and was carried out by the tide. Lost his paddle. Had nothing left but his blow-pipe and darts, and a small supply of food and water. He was caught by the current known as the South Equatorial Current which would carry him to Ascension Isle, fifteen hundred miles from home. He lived all the time by shooting birds and flying-fish and catching rain-water. As he approached the island he thought his agonies were at an end. But imagine his disappointment. Here the South Equatorial current divides. On the right hand it goes to the Gulf of Mexico; on the left to

the coast of Brazil. Without being able to touch the island he was borne away to the left. More dead than alive he was washed up on the shore somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pernambuco. The story then tells how, by his knowledge of the blow-pipe, he rose from the depth of misery to the height of power, and how the wonderful invention spread throughout all the country watered by the rivers of the great Amazon. Yes, it's a great story. I wonder no one has ever written it.



A CANOE TENT

READING "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

I SAT beside the summer sea ;
 A book was in my hand ;
 I'd come to that exciting part,
 " A footprint in the sand."

A sailor chap was standing by ;
 Had seen a score of years ;
 A dancing light was in his eye,
 And ear-rings in his ears.

He eyed me well, that sailor chap ;
 My thoughts were all abroad ;
 He eyed me well, and then says he,
 " That book's a blooming fraud."

" Three hundred boys about your age
 Is annually mistook ;
 They're 'ticed and lured away to sea
 By reading that there book.

" But all in vain. Their hopes are dashed.
 They either don't get wrecked,
 Or if they do, and come ashore,
 It ain't what you'd expect.

" You're clapped in quod, or told to quit,
 And you may lay to that ;
 No kegs of rum, no savages,
 No parrot, and no cat."

His tone was very, very sad ;
 His grief was plain to see ;
 He wiped a tear-drop from his eye,
 And spat a mile to lee.

He took a knife and cut a chunk,
 And sorrowfully chewed.
 An anchor on his manly breast
 Was cleverly tattooed.

" Cheer up," I said, " cheer up, my friend ;
 Good fortune still may smile ;
 There's always hope. When next you're wrecked,
 You'll strike a desert isle."

Then solemnly that sailor said,
 " Be warned in time, young cove ;
 There ain't no desert islands left
 To take possession ove.

" No kegs of rum, no savages,
 No parrot, and no cat ;
 The desert isles have all been grabbed,
 And you may lay to that."

He lifted up his telescope
 The wide, wide sea to scan ;
 He turned, and slowly walked away
 A disappointed man.

G.H.

THE ROBINSON CRUSOE WIGWAM

No wigwammy Scout would be content without some mention of the most famous of all wigwams. To be sure, he knows it already. He has read *Robinson Crusoe*. He has climbed the ladder and

penetrated the inner recess of the cavern. But for all that he would like to see the place again, because it has always a fascination of its own.



You walk up the beach, and the first thing you see is a notice-board on a pole. The pole is notched with notches all the way down in sets of seven for the days of the week. You look up and read some writing carved on the board in capital letters. (They are

much easier to cut with a pocket-knife than other letters.) This is what you see: you recognise it at once. You know perfectly well who it was "came on shore here." You have seen him put up this board. I always wondered, myself, why it was he did not put his name to it. I was also sure he would soon use up all the pole and have no more room for notches even if he used all the four edges.

After he came on shore he spent many days in going to and fro with a raft to secure all he could from the wreck, until at last she broke up in a storm.

"But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was not a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection: that I had lost no time nor abated no diligence to get everything out of her that could be useful.

"My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages or wild beasts; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of a dwelling to make, whether I should make me a cave in the earth or a tent upon the ground; and in short I resolved upon both, the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

"I consulted several



ROBINSON
CRUSOE.
THE LONE
SCOUT.

things which I found would be proper for me [to bear in mind]. First, health and fresh water. Secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun. Thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts. Fourthly, a view of the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet."

After looking about he at last pitched upon a place "on the side of a rising hill steep as a house side." (He means the wall of a house, not the roof.) "On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave."

From this hollow in the rock he marked out a semi-circle on the ground twenty yards in diameter. "In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm, like piles, about five feet and a half high, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another."

Between these two rows of stakes he rammed in ship's cable which he had brought from the wreck, and in this way filled the gap all the way up to the top. Inside this wall he placed other stakes, two feet and a half high, leaning, "like a spur to a post."

"All this cost me a great deal of time and labour, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

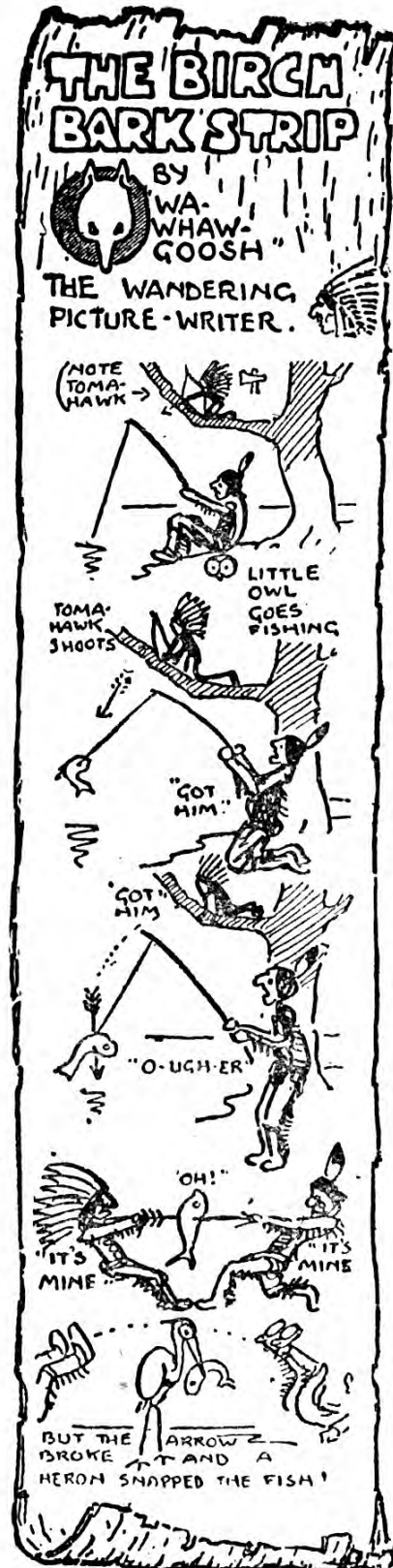
"The entrance to this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top; which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified.

"Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores."

He also erected a tent inside the stockade, and after a while, with a crow-bar, he enlarged the hole in the rock and excavated the sandstone till he had worked out a very considerable cavern, "which served me like a cellar to my house." The tent was his house.

Into this cavern he then carried all his goods, especially the gunpowder to protect it from lightning.

If you notice you will see that Robinson Crusoe employed all the three devices common to primitive man. His cavern represents the home of the caveman who now lives in a stone palace. His tent represented the movable dwelling of the wandering shepherd races and Red Indian tribes—still used by Bedouins, Tartars, and Arabs of the desert. His stockade represented the



wooden enclosure of forest dwellers all the world over—in Central Africa and Central Europe. All the Saxon races were forest-dwellers and built wooden habitations.

You notice the skill of Daniel Defoe in combining all these methods for the sake of making Robinson Crusoe's work the more interesting. If he is sometimes at fault (as when he makes penguins on a tropical island) it must be remembered that the New World and all things in it were still comparatively new, and but little known.

Besides, he had heard the story of Alexander Selkirk—the original of Robinson Crusoe—who was cast away on the island of Juan Fernandez, the *other side* of America. (Robinson Crusoe is shipwrecked in the Caribbean Sea on *this* side.) Alexander Selkirk doubtless saw penguins and reported these strange birds unable to fly, having been round Cape Horn. Which may account for Daniel Defoe's little blunder.

The real delight which every boy finds in Robinson Crusoe is this: Here is a man all alone on an uninhabited island. What will he do? He has to *find out* how to do things, and *do them for himself* as best he can. That is just what every boy wants to do. And one of the best ways of doing so is to get out of the narrow streets, away into the wild country, and build a wigwam. These Wigwam Papers are intended to give you some idea of how this may be done. At the same time, as this is not an uninhabited island, it is necessary to take up with some sort of work in the country which will enable you to lead a wigwammy life.

HOW TO MAKE A TOM-TOM



BEATER OF THE TOM-TOM

THE camping season will soon be with us again—what is a camp without a camp fire? and what is a camp fire without a sing-song? or a sing-song without a tom-tom on which to beat a rousing tattoo?

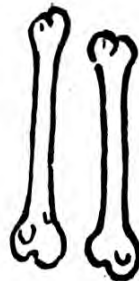
The sketches will show you how to do this. A good skin for the drum-head will cost about one pound. You can buy it

at a side-drum maker's.

The "body" of the tom-tom may be made of cheese cases, ordinary kiddies' hoops and leather, over which you tack a covering of canvas very tightly. This covering should be painted with oil paint and decorated with Indian signs and your patrol animals.

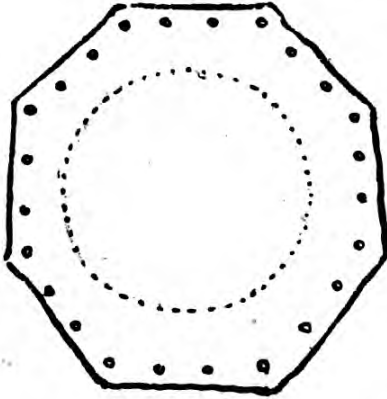
The drum-head should be laced down to the pegs (see diagram) with strong tarred twine.

If, however, you do not wish to buy a skin for the drum-head, quite a good one may be made by using thick unbleached calico, laced on while damp, left to get quite dry, and then painted all over with double boiled linseed oil.

BONE
DRUM-STICKS

A bone drum-stick makes a very good beater.

The tom-tom beater should squat a few yards from the camp fire, and if the troop is dancing they will pass in a circle between the fire and the beater of the tom-tom.

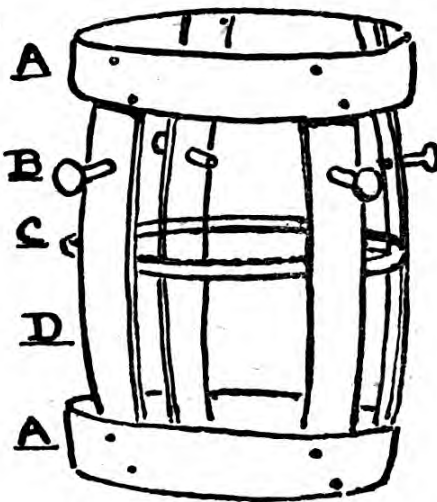


DRUM-HEAD

As an accompaniment to the Scout's marching songs, or "All Patrols Look Out!" or the "Engonyama Chorus" a tom-tom is splendid. It gives the whole

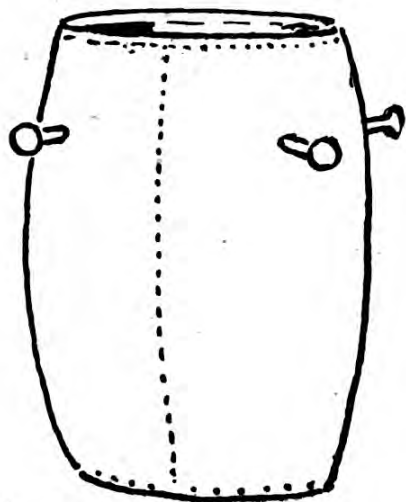
sing-song a sort of savage charm.

Tom-toms cannot be bought, and even if they could there would be much more sport in making your own.



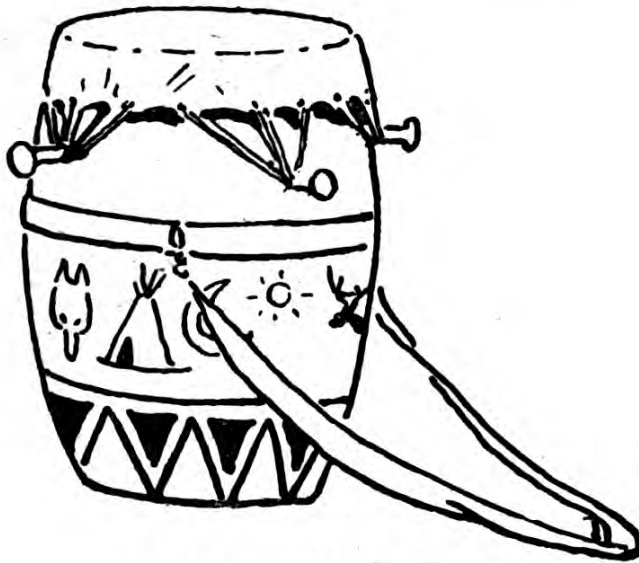
FRAMEWORK

- A= Cheese-cases or hoops.
- B= Wooden pegs.
- C= Hoop.
- D= Laths.

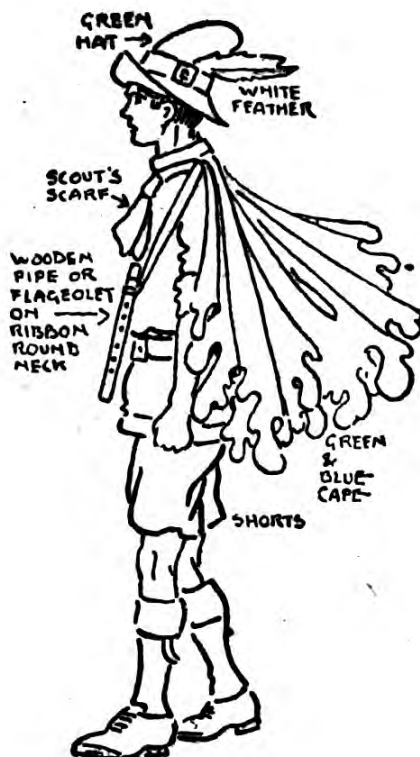


CANVAS COVERING

The Medicine-Man is chanting
 The Scarlet Snake's-head song ;
 And all the tribe is dancing
 To the beat of his old tom-tom.
 To the beat of his old tom-tom we dance ;
 To the Scarlet Snake's-head song.
 With a *Hi-yah* ! ha-ha ! *Hi—yah* !
 With a *Hi-yah* ! ha-ha !—*ha* !
 To the beat of the old tom-tom we dance
 As faster still we go ;
 With a *Hi-yah* ! ha-ha ! *Hi—yah* !
 With a *Hi-yah* ! ha-ha—*HO* !
 (Medicine-Dance.)

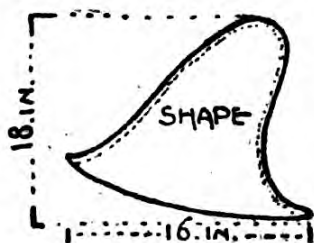


TOM-TOM COMPLETE



THE PIPER

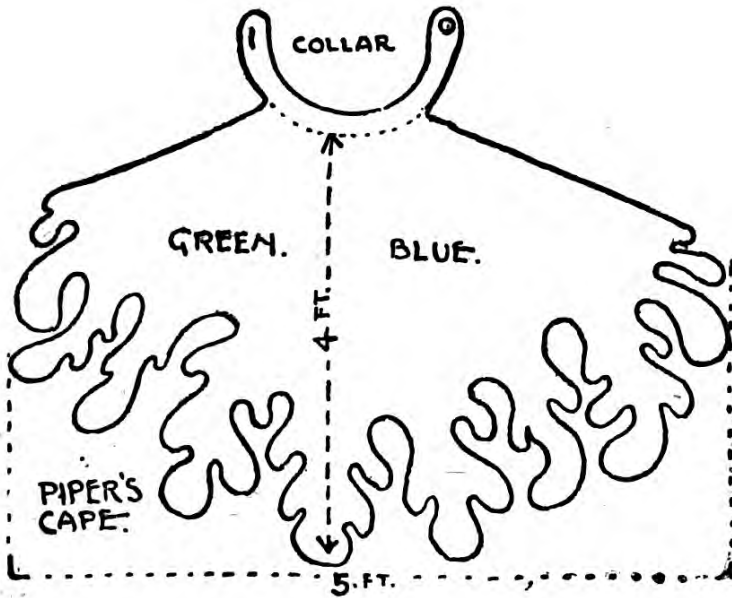
It should be the ambition of any Scout who holds the Musician's Badge to become Piper to the Camp Council. For this most honourable position he must



TWO SHAPES TO BE CUT OUT AND SEWN ROUND, THEN TURN INSIDE OUT.

be able to play a flute or a tin whistle or a flageolet and be able to perform one of the old Morris Dances properly. He will make his own costume (see diagrams) and will attend





all sing-songs held round the Council Fire. The Beater of the tom-tom will also be present and with the Piper should be able to make the sing-song a great success. Try this idea next time you go to camp.



THE SKELETON WIGWAM

(How to wigwam from June to October while earning your own living)



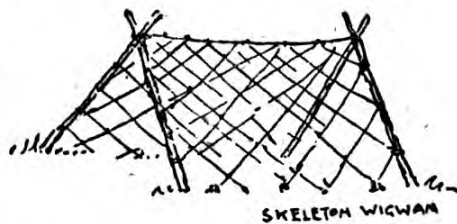
I STOOD and watched a spider spinning his web. His eight legs were very busy. Sometimes he let himself drop down a line. Sometimes he ran up a rope. A knowing fellow, the spider, and a cunning craftsman.

He was building his wigwam. A good idea. Why not a cobweb wigwam? You could carry it anywhere, and always have it handy; just as the spider can always produce his web.

You weave a net coarse and strong. (Tarred string is preferable.) The meshes can be about 9 inches. The width is 7 feet, the length 14 feet.

Two staves form a wigwam for two Scouts, four staves for four Scouts.

Having made the net, you inquire at the nearest Labour Bureau where help is most wanted in the hay-fields.



A waterproof sheet, with a small supply of food, is rolled up in the net, and easily carried. Put in also half a dozen pegs, and a cord (blind-cord is the best) 20 feet long.

You arrive at the hay-fields. You interview the owner, and arrange to work so many hours for so much and your grub.

You choose a suitable locality, pitch the staves, run the cord through the rings, draw tight, throw the net over the cord, drive in the pegs, and the skeleton wigwam is complete in two twos.

All it now wants is thatching. Do not just throw the hay on, but take the trouble to push it through each of the meshes to prevent it blowing away.



Fill up one end of the wigwam (the windward end) nearly to the top. You have now the snugest wigwam that any wigwammy Scout can want.

During all the haying season you go from one district to another wherever you are wanted, and have only to carry your net.

When haying is done, the harvesting soon follows. Wherever you go your skeleton wigwam goes with you. Weave the straw in and out the meshes, and then pile sheaves of corn all round the wigwam.

Then follows the hop-picking. The skeleton wigwam is pitched in a corner of the hop garden. You weave it all over with long trailing hops and cover it with loads of hop-bine. You lie in a scented bower, and sleep like tops.

The last harvest is the bracken-harvest on the wild waste lands. Dry bracken is valuable for bedding cattle and thatching cowsheds. You pursue the same course. You weave the stalks of the russet bracken into the net, and then cover it with loads of bracken. The farmer will supply you with fag-hooks. It is hard work, bracken fagging. The stalks are tough. But you learn to swing the



hook with an upward jerk which cuts the stalks on a slant. It is easier to cut any stick on the slant than on the straight.

It is now early in October with a touch of frost at nights. You must carry a blanket with you, and burrow down into plenty of bracken. You will then be warm enough, and have a glorious time in the splendour of the early autumn.

PICTURE-WRITING

THERE is not a more fascinating camp occupation than to decorate your patrol tent with designs and picture-writing.

"*The Boy's Book of Signs and Symbols*" (Pearson's) will be found very useful for this purpose, in addition to the few signs and designs which are given here.

Use artist's oil colours

with turpentine and be sure not to mix any white with the colour as this rots the canvas. You will want red, blue, yellow, green, and black.

The designs and decorations shown below will look well as borders, top or bottom of the tent sides.

Some of you, no doubt, will easily be able to invent others which are just as effective and have a special reference to your own locality; for this reason they will be more interesting than any which are suggested here.

As you probably know, the Indians painted wonderful designs on their teepees or wigwams, so why should not the Boy Scouts? The whole history of a patrol could be painted on its tent side in picture-writing.

The design you wish to paint should be lightly sketched in with charcoal first, and then, when it is correct, you can fill in with colour.

A camp looks all the more Scout-like for these decorations. The Scoutmaster might offer marks for the best decorated patrol tent—this makes a splendid competition for summer after-



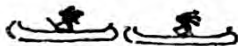
Red, blue, yellow, black

DESIGN FOR SIDE OF PATROL TENT
(Buffalo Patrol)



DECORATED PATROL TENT
(Fox Patrol)

noons in camp. Any boy who has ever tried the idea will be very keen on having another chance of showing his skill with the brush.



BORDER DESIGNS FOR
DECORATING TENTS

There is sure to be one Scout at least in each patrol who has a little natural talent which will be a great help in producing effective designs.

A camp looks so much more interesting when all the tents are properly covered with decorations. In fact, it is a dull-looking camp which has only the plain canvas.

When a camp is well painted in picture-writing, you can quickly see for yourself which is the smartest patrol, which takes most trouble, which looks clean and bright; so that besides being picturesque it is also a test of scoutcraft.

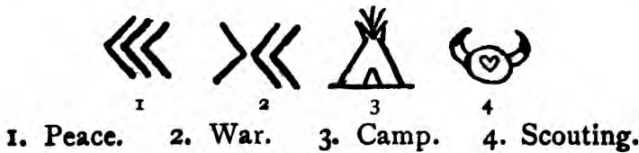
Every Scout ought to practise sign-writing or picture-writing. Every Scout can learn to draw fairly well—so that he can draw sketch maps, plans, signs, etc.

The Indians of North America could draw in their way—it is rather a disgrace to us Scouts if we cannot at any rate draw as well as savage tribes—so buck up, you fellows, and start right away with picture-writing. You will be surprised how easily you pick it up, when once you have made up your mind to “take the plunge.”

Surely, drawing is a part of scoutcraft, and yet I know a good many Scouts who are *afraid* to draw for fear they'll be laughed at.

Well, as you know already, a real Scout doesn't mind being laughed at—he is prepared to practise scouting through thick and thin.

This summer we shall hope to see how the picture-writing Scout is able to decorate the patrol tent.



KITE SIGNALLING

Of all the useful things which Scouts can do, kite-signalling is one of the most interesting.

Is there a Scout who doesn't like kites?

Kite-flying is the next best thing to aeroplaning.

First of all, of course, you must know how to make a kite, as you may not have got one of your own already.

Lawrence Hargrave, an Australian, invented the box-kite, which has more "hanging" or "hovering" power than any other.

As you see (Fig. 1), it is very simple to make. Try it about 4 feet long by 1½ feet square.

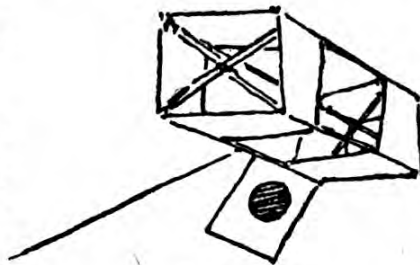


FIG. 1

Flat ceiling laths make a good framework, and this is covered fore and aft with strips of glazed lining (calico) or strong newspaper.

Fig. 2 gives the making of the framework. A represents the diagonal cross-bars, which have to be notched at each end to fit B—the 4-foot lengths.

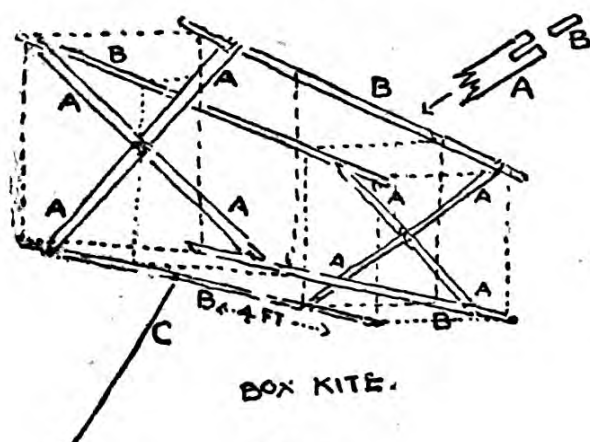


FIG. 2

The dotted lines show where the paper is to be stretched at each end, forming two hollow boxes.

Draw the paper tight, and unite with strong glue. C shows where to attach the string.

In flying, place the kite upon the ground, stand with the string some yards away, and run with it against the wind, letting out the string slowly as the kite rises and pulls.

When there is a quiet, steady breeze the kite will hang suspended all day in the air if you fasten the end of the string to your tent-peg.

To make a flat kite (Fig. 3), take two flat laths 6 feet by 4 feet; cross them, and tie securely with thin, pliable wire (A). From B and C connect wires to D, taking care to get the laths at right angles (or

"on the square"). Take a 5-foot cane and tie at E, B, and C, making the curves equal on each side.

Cover with strong newspaper or brown paper, turning up the edge all round with thin hot glue.

See that there are no holes or gaps in the newspaper—it must be airtight.

Tie a string to the lath from O to O, but patch up any hole you make. On this loop the kite string is tied with a slip-knot.

The kite tail should be 20 feet long, and well weighted at the end with a paper tassel. It will fly out of sight.

Kite-signalling should be arranged as shown in the sketch (Fig. 4).

A patrol goes off over the hill. The kite-signallers of that patrol are left in the valley.

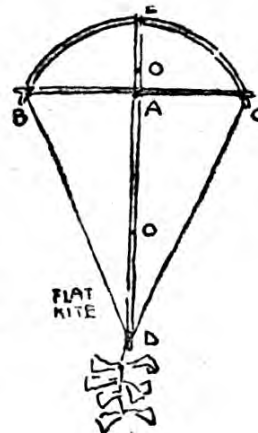


FIG. 3

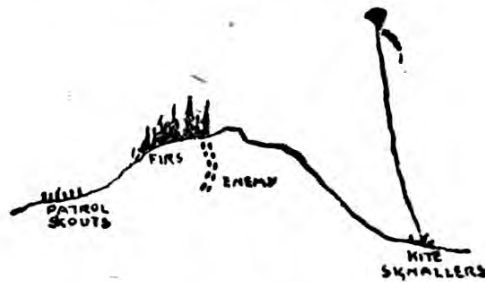


FIG. 4

Another patrol (the enemy) come trailing up along the top of the hill.

The kite-signallers send up the kite to which they have attached the danger signal—i.e. a red circle on white.

That gives a warning to their friends, who immediately attack the enemy (or hide themselves).

Here are some good signals to send up. They should be drawn in bright blue on a white square of card and attached to the kite.

The cards should be at least 3 feet square.

If you use the old-fashioned three-cornered kite the signal-cards can be run up the string or fixed to the tail.

A box-kite does not have a tail.

The cards should be fixed one under the other and must be read from the top downwards.



KITE SIGNALS

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Trail. | 4. Water. |
| 2. The Camp. | 5. Storm coming from |
| 3. Gone home. | N.W. |

The best of this method of sign-sending is that while you are hidden away, quite out of sight of the enemy, and beyond speaking distance of your friends, you can let them know what is going on or what they should do. Also it is silent and cannot be read by people who are not Scouts.

Although we give specimens of signalling it is best for patrols to arrange their own private code which cannot be understood by the enemy. Very good manoeuvres can be carried out in this way.

SPEAR-THROWING

HAVE you ever tried the sport of spear-throwing in camp?

No?

Well, you have a go at it this camping time—it's a top-notch game for one patrol to play against another.

Before you start throwing you must learn to hold your spear—this is explained in the picture.

Your spear should be about 5 to 6 feet long and quite straight. Willow, ash, or elder are the best woods. Weight the thin end by putting on a lead cap; or by putting on a piece of brass tubing as shown.

The other end can be either blunt or pointed, whichever you prefer. If pointed, treat it as shown in the sketches.

Now make a target of your patrol animal or totem. Say the Beaver Patrol v. the Bears—there must be two targets of cardboard on wooden stands.



The Scouts of the Beaver Patrol will spear at the Bear Target, and the Bears will throw at the Beaver Target.

For every "bull" count six marks; for every "spear" within the "circle" count one mark; for every throw which misses the target take off one mark.



How to hold the spear.

Each patrol must have a "Keeper of the Marks" with pocket-book and pencil, whose duty it is to keep count of the marks.

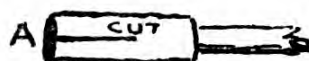
The game ends when one patrol has scored fifty marks. The patrol which wins twelve games in succession will be known as the "Spear Throwers."

It requires a considerable amount of skill to throw the spear any distance.

The targets should be placed about twenty-four feet from the "throw line," which should be plainly marked out on the ground with whitewash, staves, stones, or something which can be seen equally easily.

No Scout must stand over the throw-line." Any Scout doing so will be disqualified, and is then out of the game—so that his patrol lose one "thrower."

You should toss up for which patrol throws first.



A. Cut in tube.
B. Hammer end into point.



Blunt end.

The patrol-leader will start, then his Second and then the other Scouts of the patrol will throw in their proper order.

No speaking is allowed while anyone is throwing—perfect silence being kept on both sides.

Every Scout must make his own spear, on which he will put his private mark or the totem-animal of his patrol.

Once you start, you'll get "spear-fever," and the craze will sweep through the camp like wildfire.

Every Scout is sure to be doing it ; but it's up to you to see that your patrol wins, so start now to practise "spear-throwing" for camp.

The Solomon Islanders spear fish by using a three-pronged spear or dart. The prongs are generally made of hard bamboo cane and are very sharp.

Never throw your spear at any one. You may easily injure a person for life—possibly blind him. It is only a "fool-boy," and not a Scout, who plays the idiot with such things as spears, air-guns, bows and arrows, or anything which may hurt anyone. Don't risk it. It isn't clever to put other people in danger by your foolhardiness. So be very careful—use your spear for target work only.

Get your patrol practising "spear-throwing" and then send out your challenge to some other patrol.

Get a few tubes of water-colour and use Chinese white with the paints to thicken them.

Below is an example of a Boy Scout message-stick. It reads as follows :

(1) "*From the Fox Patrol (23rd London Troop) to the Elephant Patrol (1st Dublin)—Good scouting—Peace and good camping—(dated) Hunting Moon (September) fourth Sun (day).*

(2) *From camp to camp we send this message by Scout dispatch runner to your standing Council-fire Camp.*

(3) *Wait here by the pine-wood to-morrow evening—the Fox Patrol is on the trail, scouting.*

(Signed) 'Print-of-a-Moccasin,'

Chief of the Fox Patrol (23rd London)."

This is an entirely new kind of scouting game. The making of the stick is great fun and requires some skill—try it yourself.

The reading of a message from a message-stick also requires that you should have your wits about you.

The best of this kind of news-sending is that other people cannot possibly read it—it is absolutely secret. It is even better than writing in Morse or special code in this respect.

Ask anyone who is not a Scout to read the example given here ; they won't be able to do so, but they might be able to read Morse or even a cipher message.

So try the message-stick this camping season—and Be Prepared if you receive one yourself, so that

you are not "caught napping"—that is to say, learn the Sign Language.

In every patrol there should be a boy holding the most honourable position of :

" Chief Picture-Writer and Sign-Reader."

This title will be conferred upon the Scout in each patrol who :

(1) Has made and sent off at least three message-sticks to three other patrols whose headquarters are at least six miles distant.

(2) To have read correctly the messages on at least three message-sticks received from three other patrols, whose headquarters are at least six miles distant.

CAMP SIGNS

THE camping season will soon be in full swing.

" Smith, go and fetch wood," says the Scout-master.

But there will be no need for any such orders if, before starting for camp, or immediately upon the troop's arrival there, each boy is appointed to carry out some special duty, such as :

1. Chief of the Water Carriers.
2. Keeper of the Council Fire.
3. Camp Letter Carrier.
4. Keeper of the Cooking Fire.
5. Foreteller of the Weather.
6. Camp Crier.

Each boy knows what to do—and, of course, does it.



1

1.—CHIEF OF THE WATER CARRIERS must know and write report on good water wells, pumps, fire-plugs, good river water; where to get washing water; must know how to filter water, and must see that a proper supply of good water is brought into camp each day.



2

2.—KEEPER OF THE COUNCIL FIRE must see that the Council fire is kept burning; must see that a proper supply of wood is in camp for the evening sing-song or pow-wow; must see that it is a Council fire and *not* a bonfire; must see that no cooking is done on the Council fire; must see that it is neat and not wasting or flaring away.



3

3.—CAMP LETTER CARRIER must be ready night and day to carry and fetch letters to or from any distance; must know the nearest post-office or post-box; must know route of district postman; must carry at least six messages during camp.



4

4.—KEEPER OF THE COOKING FIRE must see that the fire is kept small and clean, all papers and rubbish to be burnt; must see that a proper supply of wood is always



5



6

stacked neatly near by ; must not allow cooking, except at the proper times.

5.—FORETELLER OF THE WEATHER must know and write out an article on weather wisdom, to be kept by the Scoutmaster in charge. Must foretell and make out a forecast of the weather, to be pinned on his sign-pole before 7 a.m. each morning.

6.—CAMP CRIER must be able to shout loudly and very clearly ; must walk round the camp each morning and give out the orders of the day, as instructed by the Scoutmaster:—Signalling, tent-pitching, scouting-games, swimming, fire-alarm, danger-alarm, etc., to be called out by the camp crier, who will begin by yelling :

“Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The troop will trail up for signalling practice (or whatever it is) at 3.15 this afternoon.”

The sign should be painted on a circle of wood stuck in a cleft stick.

The sign for “ Water ” should be blue on white ; the sign for the “ Council Fire,” red on white ; the sign for “ Letter,” black outlined on white ; the sign for “ Cooking Fire,” black on red ; the sign for “ Weather Man,” black outlined on pale yellow ; the sign for “ Herald,” red on white.

These signs should stand three or four feet high, and are struck in the ground on the left of the patrol tent.

KEEPING A CAMP LOG-BOOK

ISN'T it a pity to lose record of the doings of your patrol? For instance, just think how interesting it would be now to read an account of your 1912 camp in your Patrol Log-book.

So start right away and appoint a "Keeper of the Log." A Scout who can write and print neatly and a 6d. book of lined MS. paper (to be got at any stationer's) is all you require.

Just to give you an idea how to go about it, here's an example of a fly-page for a camp log-book of the "Beaver Patrol, 1st Wilverton Troop."

Start the next page as shown by the sketch below.

The eight horizontal lines and the two vertical lines under them mean 8 by 2, so it reads like this:

"Sixteenth Sun (day) Grass Moon (April). At our evening Council Fire."



(1ST WILVERTON TROOP)
KEEPER OF THE LOG -
James Daniels & Co.
Indian name
"Arrow-head"

DESIGN FOR FLY-PAGE OF
CAMP LOG.



THE BIRCH BARK STRIP



BY
WA-
WHAW-
GOOSH

THE WANDERING
PICTURE-WRITER.



Then you can go ahead with an account of the evening pow-wow or sing-song. To give you another example :

"We pitched camp yesterday at 4.30 p.m. Sammy the Tenderfoot sat on the eggs by mistake. Most egg-strordinary fellow Sammy! Tracking game from Dell Farm to Long Wood. About 6 p.m. on our return journey we fell in with the 9th Rocktown Troop on its way to camp at Hill's Common, N.N.W. by N. from our camp, and about six miles distant.

"The Wolf Patrol, under 'Thunder-Voice' and 'Deerfoot' his Second, did a good turn by helping a motor-cyclist up Stoney Lane.

"This is how 'Thunder-Voice' described it :

"'Serpent,' of the Lion Patrol (and keeper of the Council Fire), has invented a troop chorus—everybody's yelling it! It goes like this :

Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho!
 Here come the Wilverton Boys.
 Boom! Bang!! Boomerang!!!
 Here come the Wilverton Boys."

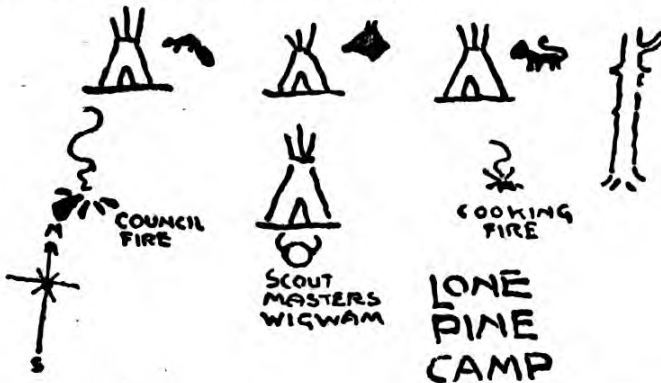
" 'Thunder-Voice' makes a noise like two-hundred-
 elephants-dancing-a-hornpipe-on-a-bass-drum when
 he gets to 'Boom! Bang!! Boomerang!!!'



" 'Hawk-Eye' (of the Beavers) got it on the
 brain. Last night he was heard to say in a very
 sleepy voice about 12.30 p.m. : ' Boo-m-boo-boom-
 rang-boo . . . ' and so earned himself another name,
 ' Boo-boo-Hawk-Eye.'

" This morning we had a swim in the river. Fine
 sport.

" This is a plan of our camp :



" We have given the name of ' Lone Pine ' to our
 camp ground here, because of the old pine-tree which
 stands to the E. of camp.

“ ‘ LONE PINE ’ CAMP, September 3rd, 1920.

“ Trail home to-morrow morning. Sorry we have to go. Weather has been fine. One wet night only. Sammy has passed his Second-class test and is no longer a Tenderfoot. He has earned the name of ‘ Sharp-Nose,’ because he seems able to smell so well.

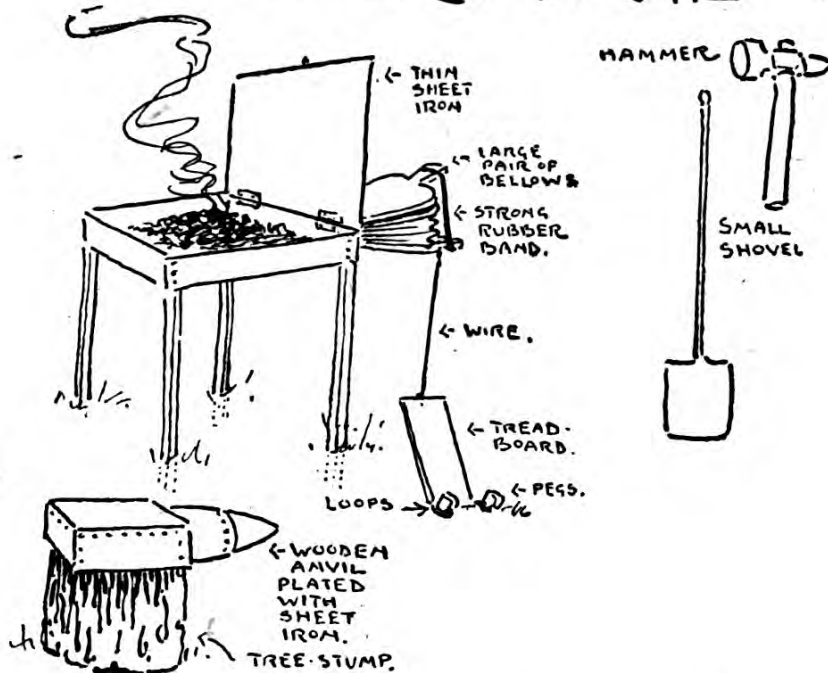
“ ‘ Hullo ! ’ said Sammy on our return to camp this afternoon, ‘ who’s been eating oranges ? I smell an orange.’ ‘ Thunder-Voice ’ had just peeled one and was enjoying it in his patrol tent. . . .”

There is any amount of camp news to put down in your log, so go it, you Scouts ; make up your mind to keep a record of your patrol doings this camping-out time. And don’t forget to put as much as possible of it into picture-writing.

RIPPLE-SONG

RIPPLE—
 ripple—
 ripple—
 In and out
 The shiny shallows,
 on the pebbles
 and the green,
 green weeds.
 Bubble—
 bubble—
 bubble,
 Round about
 the gloomy hollows,
 By the sedges
 and the green,
 green reeds.
 So it ripples
 and it bubbles
 all the way,
 all the day—
 With a
 ripple—
 ripple—bubble ;
 and a
 bubble—
 bubble—ripple :
 Ripple—ripple—bubble
 all the day,
 all the way ;
 with a
 ripple,
 and a
 bubble,
 all the way.

CAMP TINKER'S FORGE



(For Scouts who have won the Blacksmith's Badge.)

THE diagram shows clearly the construction of a very simple and cheap camp forge.

On this forge may be made horseshoes, bolts, staples, iron bands, spear-heads, chains; and iron repairs of all kinds, such as boot heel-tips, straightening chain links, etc. Here also a good deal of "tinkering" may be done—mending leaky frying-pans, billy-cans, dixies; making a camp gridiron, or bars on which to place cooking-pots over the camp-fire.

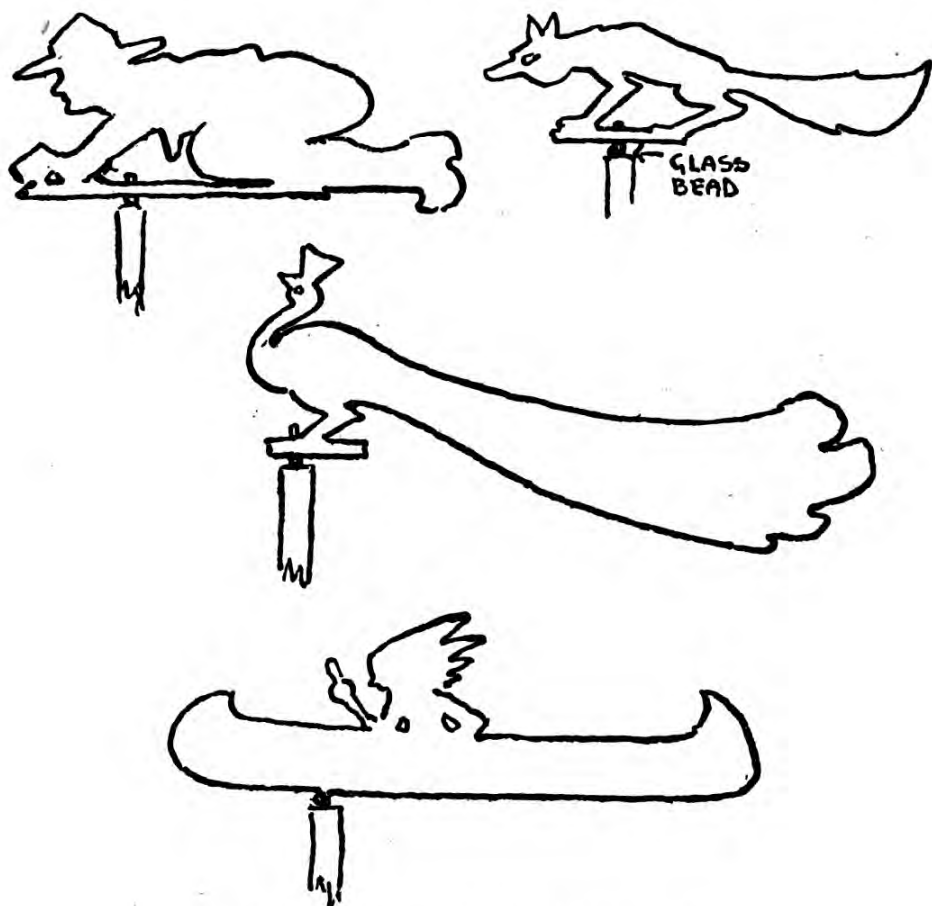
A hundred and one little jobs requiring a forge crop up in camp, and here the camp tinker lends a hand on the anvil.

CAMP WEATHER VANES

EVERY Scout is well up in weather wisdom, and therefore every troop should make its own Camp Weather Vane stuck on a pole in some place (a hill if possible) where it will get the prevailing winds.

The "weather-cock" may be fretted out of wood and painted. It may be your own patrol animal or any other design you can think of.

Here are a few examples which may help you.



DESIGNS FOR CAMP WEATHER VANES.

THE CAMP SHIRT

BEING a handy man, a Scout makes his own camp clothes. Here is a design for a camp shirt which I have made and used in my own camps. It is cut out of green cloth. Before cutting the material it is well to make a pattern of brown paper to fit yourself. Then cut the cloth according to the pattern. The design is taken from the costume of the Fur-hunters of the Hudson Bay Company, and the fringing makes it look very scoutlike and picturesque in camp.

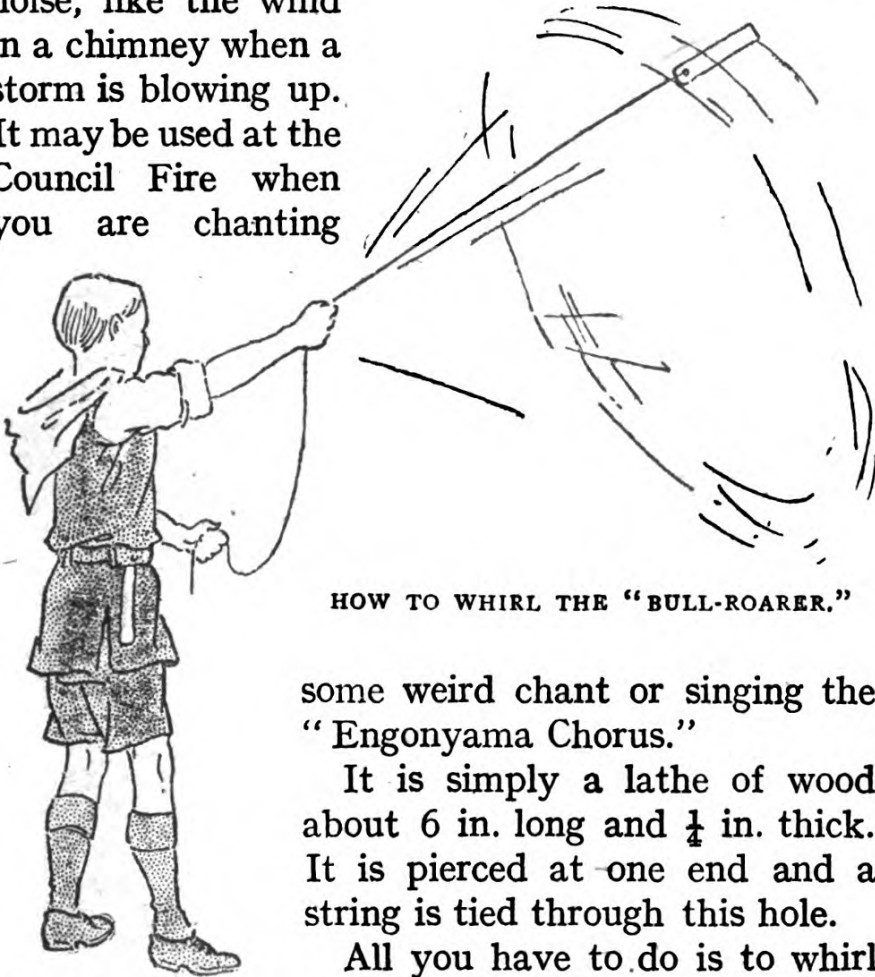


Since writing this paragraph I find that a great many boys, scouts and others, have made and used this kind of camp shirt. It is good to know that the ideas suggested in this little book are actually being used and improved upon.

CAMP KINKS

MAKE A "BULL-ROARER"

THE "Bull-Roarer" or *Rhombus* (Gk. *Rhembo*="to whirl round") is one of the most ancient of instruments. When used it makes a weird, uncanny noise, like the wind in a chimney when a storm is blowing up. It may be used at the Council Fire when you are chanting



HOW TO WHIRL THE "BULL-ROARER."

some weird chant or singing the "Engonyama Chorus."

It is simply a lathe of wood about 6 in. long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. It is pierced at one end and a string is tied through this hole.

All you have to do is to whirl it round in front of you (see illustration). Try it.

HOW TO CARRY A HEAVY WEIGHT

THIS is a "kink" known to all native porters who have to carry the heavy equipment of some exploring expedition into the wilds.

The band should be of strong webbing—an old puttee sewn up does very well.

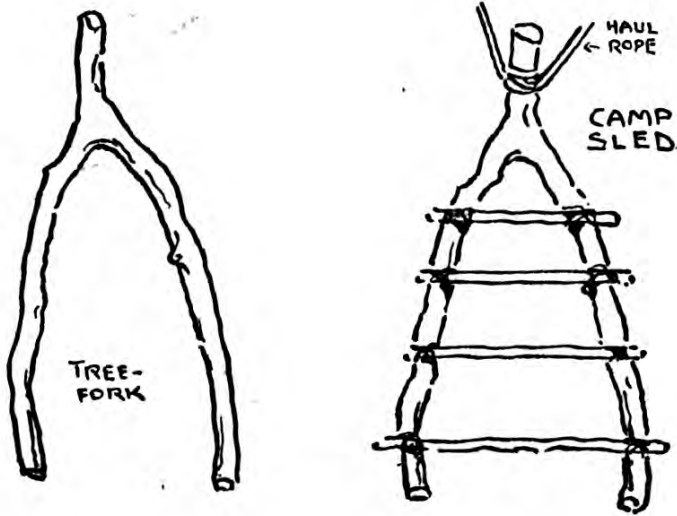
The head and neck must be thrown slightly forward and the back also. The walk should be



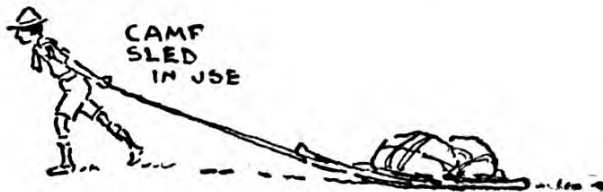
slow and the feet should "slither" along rather than be lifted. This is the "portage gait"—a kind of lurching, slouching glide. By carrying a load in this way huge weights may be transported for many miles without fatigue—if *you're used to it*. You must practise first.

CAMP SLED

I HAVE used this sled, made from the forked branches of a beech tree, in my own camps with great success. It is useful for bringing loads of firewood or heavy tents into camp. Cross-bars of ash



should be lashed to the fork, and a rope fastened to the join of the fork, by way of "harness," with which to pull the sled. A very useful camp "kink." Try it yourself in your own camp.



THE SONG OF THE WOOD FOLK

FEATHER-AND-FUR ;—
 Talon-and-Tooth ;
 Who so free and
 supple as We ?

This is the Song we sing :—Listen, Brother,
 listen ;—

I hear the rustle of the leaf ; the quiver of
 the grass ; the humming of the air,—
 Silence,—who breaks the Silence of the
 Woods ?

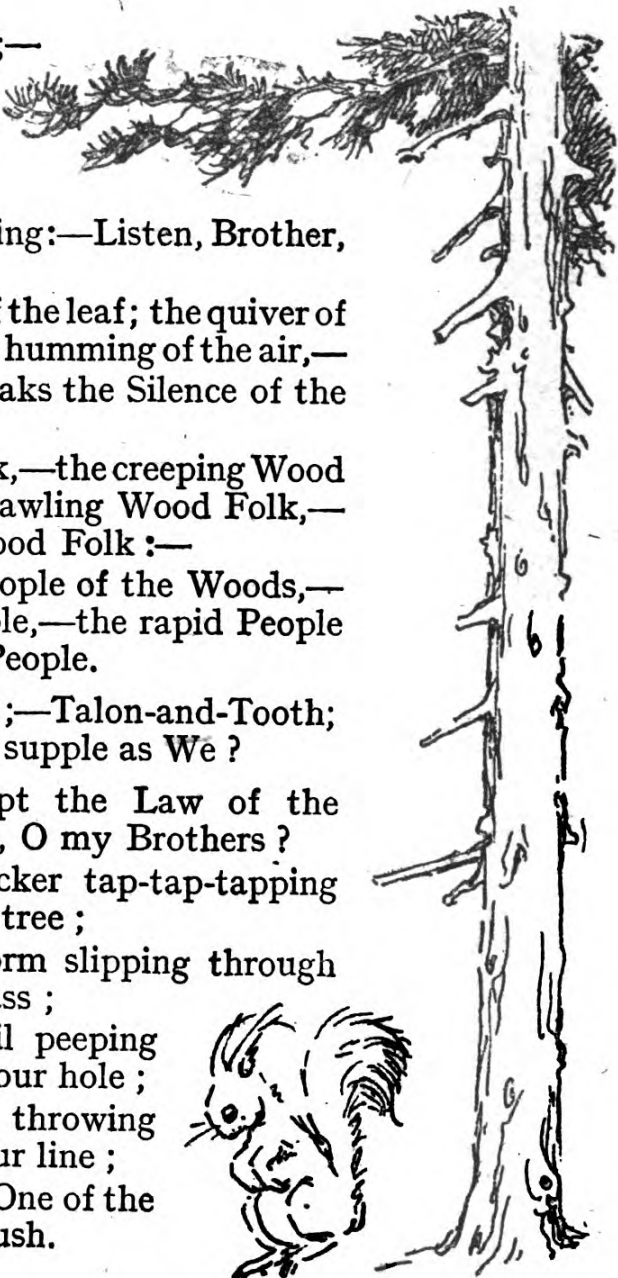
It is the Wood Folk,—the creeping Wood
 Folk,—the crawling Wood Folk,—
 the flying Wood Folk :—

It is the Little People of the Woods,—
 the tiny People,—the rapid People
 —the silent People.

Feather-and-Fur ;—Talon-and-Tooth ;
 Who so free and supple as We ?

Have ye kept the Law of the
 Woods, O my Brothers ?

- Woodpecker tap-tap-tapping
 on the tree ;
- Slow Worm slipping through
 the grass ;
- Cottontail peeping
 from your hole ;
- Spider throwing
 out your line ;
- Cunning One of the
 Big Brush.



Feather-and-Fur ;—Talon-and-Tooth ;
Who so free and supple as We ?

Hear you the Night-call of the Woods ?—

“ Hoo-ho-oo-oo !—Hoo-ho-ho-ooo-oo-o ! ”

We are of the Green Woods ;

(The Birch Tree is our friend.)

We are of the High Branches ;

(The Oak is bent with age.)

We know the Caves in the Roots of
Trees ;

(The Wind is in the Tree-tops.)

See the Moonlight on the ground ;

(The Moon is looking at Us.)

Huh ! I hear the pattering of feet ;

O Listen to the Sounds of the
Woods,—

Silence,—who breaks the Silence
of the Woods ?

It is the Wood Folk ;

It is the Little People of the
Woods ;—

Feather-and-Fur ;—Talon-and-Tooth ;
Who so free and supple as We ?



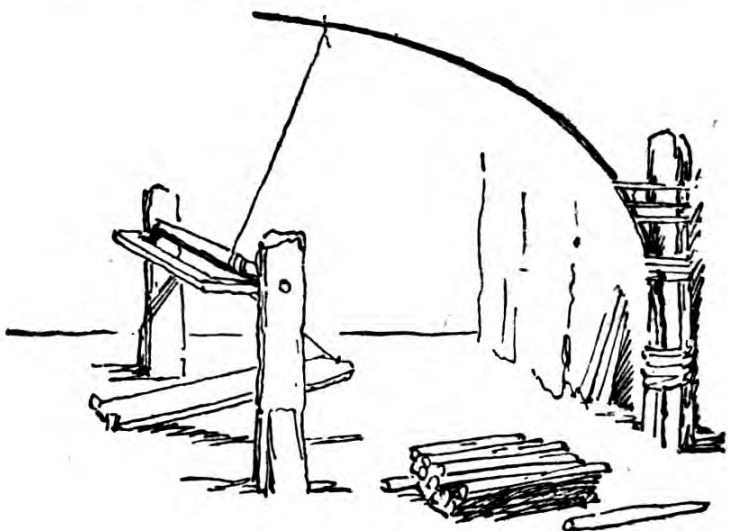
FOREST WIGWAMS

PRIMITIVE industries are carried on in the heart of the forest by very primitive methods.

In ancient days England was a richly wooded country, and even now much of the forest is still to be found. As winter approaches you hear the woodcutter's axe, and down the rutty road comes the picturesque timber-waggon with its team of

powerful horses straining with all their might as they drag the great load of trunks.

The character of the forest in one district differs from that of another. In one place you find mostly dark firs with their tall upright stems repeated and repeated till you lose them in the gloom. The soil is dry and poor. You look down into a sand-pit or gravel-pit and see the wigwam of the man who



FOREST LATHE.

works it. If you can wheel a loaded barrow over a plank you may help him, and get leave to use the wigwam.

Any amount of fir-cones may here be collected in sacks, and carried home. By mixing these with the poorest fuel—coke, cinders, and coal-dust—you get a cheerful fire ; and this is worth thinking of in days when coal is scarce and very expensive.

In other parts of the country—especially in Bucks—the forest consists almost entirely of beech

trees. They have smooth grey trunks, and their wide-sweeping branches make the most delightful woodland glades. The ground is all russet with dead leaves and "mast"—the husk of the beech-nut. Dipping down into some secluded hollow you come upon another wigwam. Out of it comes a curious musical whir-r-r. You peep in. A man is using a lathe of the simplest kind set up by himself.



He has fixed up a springy hazel-rod overhead. He treads on a board or treadle. One end of the treadle is attached by a string to the rod above. Every time he lifts his foot the spring of the rod lifts the treadle. The revolving spindle is twisted into the string, and consequently it twirls one way and then the other as he plies the treadle. So he alters the tilt of his tool every time he treads. He is turning legs for kitchen chairs. They are made

of beech wood. Being smooth and free from knots, it works readily on a lathe.

The timber waggon has carried off the great trunks. The long fine branches have been made up into bundles for pea-sticks and firewood. But



BODGER'S WIGWAM IN THE BEECH WOODS.

the middle branches have been cut up into short straight lengths, from two to three feet long, and carefully piled together.

Then come the "turners" (the surname Turner shows the antiquity of this trade), generally two or three. They at once build a wigwam between three or four upright trees which serve as posts. Each

makes his own simple lathe, and the whiz-whiz-whiz begins. The legs they turn out are purposely left thick and clumsy, because they have to be finished in the factory. By having them shaped roughly in the forest more than half the carriage is saved.

They are paid so much a hundred, and they can turn out more if they have a boy to fetch and carry



CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIGWAM.

the wood. Also they are miles away from any shop and food must be had.

A Scout could do all this, and at the same time pick up a notion of how to make the woodland lathe and use it.

The centre of the chair-making industry is High Wycombe, but the woodland turners travel for days through the forest till they come to the place in the beech wood where the wood has been purchased by

the manufacturers. They combine the forest-life with a useful craft, and are very interesting men to talk to.

Their wigwam is made of discarded timber—unsuitable for the saw-mill. These are planted upright round a framework and the gaps are stuffed with bracken. The roof is covered with branches and then sodded. Forest wigwams are all much alike, depending only on the character of the forest.

The charcoal-burner is another picturesque figure dwelling in his own wigwam. He is found in the forests of stunted gnarled oak—a wriggly, cranky species of oak, sometimes called Sussex oak. Any straight lengths are saved for the timber-merchant, but the greater part is too cranky. It makes excellent charcoal. The bark is stripped and used for tanning and kippering. The charcoal-burner saws up the branches into small lengths. These he piles together in a great heap or mound with a little dry grass. He covers the heap with sods. It looks like a big beehive. It is really a big bonfire covered over to keep out the air. There is just enough draught to allow it to smoulder without flaming.

The charcoal-burner and his mate (often his wife) live in the wigwam and watch the great pile day and night. A sudden wind arising, if it reached an open corner, would set the whole mound aflame in a jiffy, and a huge roaring fire would be the consequence—with great loss.

Sometimes he puts his ear to the mound and listens. He is quick to catch the least beginning of

a roar inside. If he does, he and his mate damp it down by throwing up mud to block out the air.

Like the turner, in building his wigwam he generally makes use of standing trees for corner-posts. After connecting with cross-bars he piles the



ENTERING THE FOREST.

logs round and covers the roof with bracken and sods.

Coal, as we know it, has only been recently used. In the Bible a "fire of coals" or "coals of fire" is charcoal. It was used for heating, and at times for smearing on the face in token of humiliation or mourning in dust and ashes.

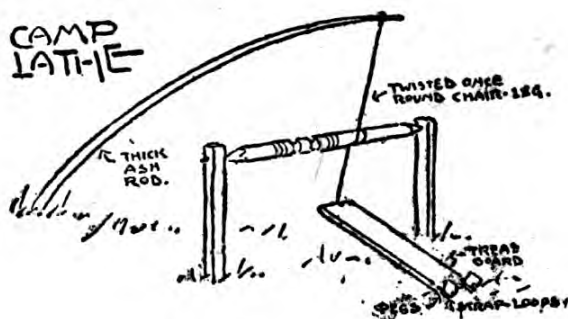
The charcoal-burner is a grimy fellow, but he leads a jolly wigwammy life, and knows all about squirrels, foxes, and forest things.

A CAMP LATHE

THIS camp lathe is made by sticking a long springy ash pole in the ground, from the end of which is tied a cord leading down to the frame of the lathe (see diagram). This cord is twisted once round the chair-leg or bar which is to be turned and then down to the treadle.

The treadle is worked by foot, and when the lathe is going the wooden bar held in the frame "turns" first one way and then the other very quickly—while the "Bodger" cuts into it and makes all kinds of designs with his chisel.

It is very useful in a Scout camp for turning stool-legs, camp table-legs, etc.



THE BODGER'S LATHE IN THE BEECH WOOD

THE hum and the whirr of the lathe,
 The whirr and the hum of the lathe ;
 The hum and the thrum,
 The thrum and the hum,
 The hum and the thrum of the lathe.

Like a humming-top going to sleep ;
 Like a droning of bees in the air ;
 Overhead is a rod
 That continues to nod
 Like a drowsy old man in his chair.

There's the sound of an aeroplane bizz,
 Or the buzz of a telegraph-wire ;
 The burr and the burr
 Of a pussy-cat's purr
 When she sits cuddled up by the fire.

If you look at the rod you will see
 How it rises and bends to the lathe ;
 It bends at the tip
 And continues to dip
 As you dip in the sea when you bathe.

And the shavings that pour from the lathe
 Wrap it all in a swaddle and swathe ;
 They fly and they fly,
 And like hot cherry-pie
 Is the scent which they make in the lathe.

The twist of the string and the twirl,
 The twirl of the string and the twist !—
 The wood-pigeon coos,
 The cuckoo cuckoos,
 And the squirrel looks in if he list.

The robin must see what goes on ;
 He is perched on the beam of the lathe ;
 And he hops about there
 With the confident air
 Of a sailor at home on the staithe.*

He's the monarch of all he surveys
 As he stands on the edge of the lathe ;
 In thrill after thrill,
 With a quivering bill,
 He competes with the Song of the Lathe.

* A water-side landing-stage.

THE COCKLER'S WIGWAM

THE wide lower part of a river where it empties to the sea is always a place full of shifting interest, never the same for long together. The tide comes up and the tide runs out. At one time the sea is nearly up to the village, at another time it is miles away, and as far as you can see you look over long flats of sand and mud, with here and there pools of sea-water. Here, too, may often be seen the ribs of old wrecks covered with barnacles and long streamers of slimy green weed. They stick out from the sand like warning fingers, and could tell grim tales of wind and storm on a lee coast.

The head of Morecambe Bay, into which the river Kent empties, is one of the most famous cockle coasts, owing to the vast extent of the surrounding sands exposed at low tide. The centre of the industry is Cark-in-Cartmel. Sacks of cockles (like potato sacks) are conveyed to the station in waggons. The amount sent off for the year 1914 was 1,078 tons. The next year, when war was declared, it fell to one-third ; which shows the want of hands.

Winter is over, the March gales have gone, and there is nothing more tempting for naked feet than a scamper on the wide shining flats, cool and wet, and all a-glitter in the sunshine. The nearest edge of the sea is two miles away. You can run like the wind with nothing to hinder you except now and then a trickling stream which has to be leapt, or a sea-water pool through which you leisurely wade, kicking the sand out of your toes.

In the village High Street you notice "Apartments" in many of the windows, but you don't apply. You have your own idea about seaside apartments.

Down on the shore, close up under the bank, you will find some queer-looking shanties. They are fishermen's huts—and regular wigwams they are. Spars and sails, bits of old wreckage and tarpaulin are jumbled up with every accumulation of lumber. On one bit of board you may see the word "Margarine," on another "Tate's Cubes," while here is one from the stern of a bygone boat on which you may still read *Dancing Sall*.

You waylay the owners—rough old salts in sea-boots up to their thighs—and offer to "cockle" for them in return for grub and a shake-down in one of these wigwams. You will probably succeed in getting hired during the cockle season—May, June, July, and August,—especially now that "hands" are much wanted.

If you fail to get taken on, all you do is to make your own wigwam. The following is one of the easiest methods :

Select a place under the bank. Roam the wide sands all over for suitable wreckage and bring it to this place. Pile spars in "lean-to" fashion against the bank. Now from above the bank pull up lumps of grass by the roots. (The grass in these briny regions is a fine bluey-green species which comes up lightly from the sandy soil.) Throw it down over your "lean-to" and then ram it in between the spars. (Beware of rusty nails.) Clear the inside of any rubbish—bits of broken china, etc. Collect

plenty of dry sand from above high-water mark, and make a deep soft floor to lie down in. Be careful to avoid taking up seaweed, especially stale seaweed, or you will be swarmed with flies.

You will have a fairly comfortable wigwam to begin with. But you will be able to improve it from time to time by keeping a lookout for the most suitable spars and bits of lumber.

There is often a shop-of-all-sorts where they keep



COCKLER'S WIGWAM.

second-hand ships' stores. Here you could hire an old sail to serve as a roof if the weather came really bad.

But now as to your living. You depend on cockles. If you know the way to get them any amount can be found at low tide in the sort of place which has been described. If you come as a stranger your best plan will be to watch what others do.

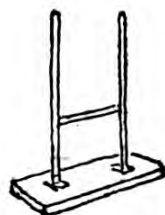
Here and there you see little groups of people—



COCKLERS AT WORK.

men, women, and girls—stooping over baskets or kneeling on the sand. What are they doing? You approach and keep an open eye.

The man has a piece of plank, three or four feet long, which lies flat on the wet sand. He stands and lifts it by handles made of broom-sticks and pounds the sand with it. He keeps pounding away as if he only wanted to flatten that particular spot. The sand becomes compressed because the water is squeezed out. The cockles underneath don't want to be dried up. As the sand sinks they edge up to the surface.



POUNDING BOARD.

If he has no assistant the man will now throw away the board and snatch the basket. But generally the woman is at hand with the basket. She has also a thing like a toasting-fork with the prongs turned up at the tip; exactly like an open hand. She holds the mouth of the basket to the sand, and with this fork she shovels in the cockles as fast as she can go. Great is the excitement as she swoops and swoops, and the cockles fly by dozens into the basket.

The man goes off with his cockle-board looking all around. He looks for twisty wriggles of sand thrown up on the surface, and then begins again beating with his board.

If you are cockling on your own you require these three things: a cockle-



COCKLER'S BASKET.

board, a basket, and a fork. The first you can easily make; as for the second, an ordinary hamper without



COCKLER'S FORK.

a lid does as well as anything ; and if you are anything of a smith you can make the kind of fork required, toasting-fork fashion.

You should have a strap to the hamper so that you can sling it over your shoulder. You can sell your cockles to the men who bring their carts right down the sands to collect them, but you will get more if you take the trouble to hawk them round retail at the nearest town.

You ought to make at least enough for your small wants, while at the same time you live the life of the Wild Man of the Sea, and imagine yourself marooned. A grand life for a Wigwammy Scout.

THE CLOGGER'S WIGWAM

A PLACE of marsh-marigolds, otherwise called king-cups. Later of yellow flags and blue forget-me-nots. Of course it is down by the stream—the “ brimming river ” which comes “ from haunt of coot and hern.” You recognise the queer little cry of the coot ; the moor-hen rushes across the water in a frightened hurry ; a flight of wild duck, with dark burnished plumage, rise in sudden astonishment as you approach ; and from under the bank comes a tiny sparkle of prismatic blue. You would say it was a bird from the tropics if you did not know it was the kingfisher.

Past the bridge and the water-mill you come to a place where the river darkens as it enters a wood. Osier-beds are knee-deep in water, willows whiten, aspens tremble, and the ash is covered with keys.

Here is a tree as tall as the ash, but instead of keys it has catkins, and the leaves have no resemblance to the finger-like ash leaves. And it is not an elm though the leaves are rounded. You notice that many of these trees have been felled by the woodcutter. The freshly cut wood has a deep red stain. This is the alder.

Like enough, coming out of the wood to an open sward, you see a picturesque wigwam. It is made of hurdles propped together and covered with osier-rods. A simple arrangement, and a cool retreat in summer weather when the clog-maker works in the wood.

Clogging is a great industry. Curiously enough cloggers frequent the southern counties where clogs are unknown. The attraction is the alder which is in demand for "wooden shoon." The wood is not only strong but comparatively light for footwear, and, when once it has hardened, does not easily take up the damp. So the cloggers follow the low-land rivers to get their material, but the clogs go to Lancashire and the Westmorland dales.

Like the woodland turners, the travelling cloggers do not execute finished work, but only block it out roughly. They cut thick pieces of flat wood into the shape of soles. These are sent away to be scooped to the right curve and trimmed into shape. After that, they are sent away again to another place to be topped with uppers of leather. A pair of finished clogs is a bonny sight, ornamented with brass buckles and brass toe-tips; and those who are brought up to wear clogs like nothing better. Children in rain and snow go clattering to school in

clogs and keep their feet dry. In the schoolroom they dance the "clog-dance" and a fine row it makes, all the clatter of the clogs keeping time to the music. Even the grown-ups, on any festive occasion, dance the clog-dance on the stone floor to the light of a good peat fire in the great open chimney.

Clogs are much cheaper than boots and shoes, but not easy to manage unless you are used to them.

Besides clogs there are "pattens"—the same thing, but instead of being fitted with uppers they have a strap under which you slip the foot. They are only worn to keep the boots dry.

In Brittany, Holland, and many other places the whole shoe is made of wood and called a "sabot."

One is inclined to envy the cloggers with their pleasant outdoor craft and their delightful wigwam on the greensward, while all the time the river keeps singing :

"Cloggers may come and cloggers may go,
But I go on for ever."

A Scout, if he can use the hone, may make himself useful by sharpening their tools. He can also learn to bind up a dozen clogs with a twist of pliant osier.

The osier is almost as useful as the bamboo. It makes the basket that brings your dinner ; a bundle of it makes your seat ; spread out it makes your couch, and overhead it makes your roof.

The osiers are cut by the man in waterproof boots, wading all day in the river. He is probably also the man who owns the water-cress beds—a regular old

water-rat. He makes up the osiers into bundles like sheaves. These are sent to the wickerwork factories. But many are gleaned by the gipsies and wandering basket-makers,—a queer wigwammy crew.

The clogger's wigwam may be recommended as one of the easiest to make and one of the coolest in summer. You might think the rain would come through, but it runs down the osier-rods which taper towards the ground.

Odd chunks of wood left by the cloggers are used for making tops, whistles, and other toys. They will let you pick up as many bits as you want. Seated in your own wigwam you bring out your pocket-knife and make yourself the captain of a tidy little ship.

The alder, of course, has nothing to do with the elder which is well known for its white flowers which turn to black elder-berries. It also has hollow stems on purpose for making pop-guns.

If you compare the various wigwams you will see that each is suitable for its own locality—each is in “the nature of things”—which means that a wigwammy Scout must know something of nature and be able to make the most of what nature provides.

London clay makes London bricks, but “Appleby” in the north means the “Stone-town.” The houses are all stone up there. In Norway, a land of dark forests, the houses are all wood. In Eskimo-land they are all made of snow. In the South Sea Islands of palms and banana leaves.

May every wigwammy Scout dream happily in his wigwam, wherever it may be, and whatever it be like.



HERE WE COME, - HERE WE COME, - FOLLOW THE TRACK
NIMBLE-LEGS, FRISKY AND HAZEL-NUT-JACK;
THE BRANCH MAY BE SLENDER, THE TREE MAY BE TALL;
RISK IT, AND JUMP IT, AND MIND YOU DON'T FALL!



COME DART THROUGH THE FOREST, COME SWING IN THE BREEZE;
IF YOU LEAVE THE BRANCH HERE, THERE'S ANOTHER TO SEIZE.
COME FOLLOW YOUR LEADER, - COME FOLLOW THE CALL; -
RISK IT, AND JUMP IT, AND MIND YOU DON'T FALL!



HURRY BOYS! - HURRY BOYS! QUICK AS A TWINK!
RUSH UP THE OAK-TREE BEFORE YOU CAN WINK; -
THERE'S NUTTY, AND RUSSET, AND WHISKERS AND ALL;
RISK IT, AND JUMP IT, AND MIND YOU DON'T FALL!



John - Langray -

THE PEAT WIGWAM

IN some parts of the country (chiefly in the northern and south-western counties) you may notice stacks of peat piled on the moors. They look like black haystacks.

Peat is decayed vegetable matter compressed by the weight of water which has once covered the land.



PEAT STACKS

It is sometimes many yards deep. You have seen a haystack cut into square blocks or trusses. Peat is cut in the same way, but into small blocks suitable for the fireplace.

Here is a place for Wigwammy Scouts on these wide wild regions,—here where the wind blows over the “mosses” and the sea-birds flap their great white wings over the black peat,—miles upon miles of heather with patches of silver-birch, and here and there clumps of dark Scotch fir.

But the strong young men have gone to the war, and the old peat-cutter wants help. The slabs of peat must be stood up on end to dry in the sun.

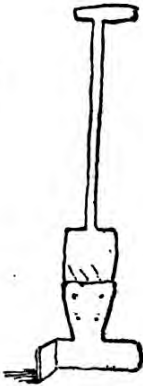


DRYING PEAT.

When dry they are wheeled over the moor on this kind of wheel-barrow, and piled up into stacks alongside the cart-road ready for being carried away.



The old peat-cutter wears waterproof boots which come above his knees, because the peat-hag (or ditch) in which he works is always full of the dark-brown beery-looking water which oozes out of the squashy peat. The blade of his spade has a right-angle to it, which enables him to cut out square-corner blocks.



PEAT
CUTTER.

He lives in a queer sort of a hut—a regular wigwam made of upright poles and cross-bars filled up with peat and thatched with heather. It has an inner compartment which contains a truckle-bed and a box of belongings. The outside room is more open, with a hole in the roof for the smoke. This is his kitchen and living-room. His



HOW PEAT IS CUT.

little fire stands in an iron basket. He burns small bits of peat and dry wood. His tools and his frying-pan are up in the roof between the cross-bars. Here also under the thatch he keeps his tea, his bread, his pasty ; and his pipe. His trousers hang to dry. His furniture is easily made. Both the table and the bench are built of dry peat, and cost nothing.

He lives a Robinson Crusoe life while at work on the mosses, but he has a cottage in the village,



THE PEAT-CUTTER'S WIGWAM.]

where his wife perhaps keeps a little sweet-shop. Here he lives in winter, when his time is occupied in hawking round the peat which was cut in the summer.

If you want to live the peat-cutter's life, put your name down for the work in one of the peat-cutting districts. Very little coal can now be conveyed by sea, and people are glad to fall back upon peat.

All the summer long you can live on the mosses assisting at the work. You can build your own wigwam and live the wild free life which befits the real wigwammy Scout.

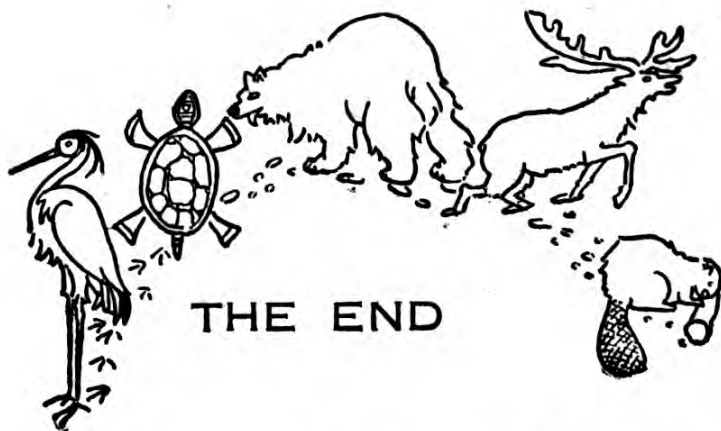
BACK TO CAMP

(A Midsummer Night's Trail)

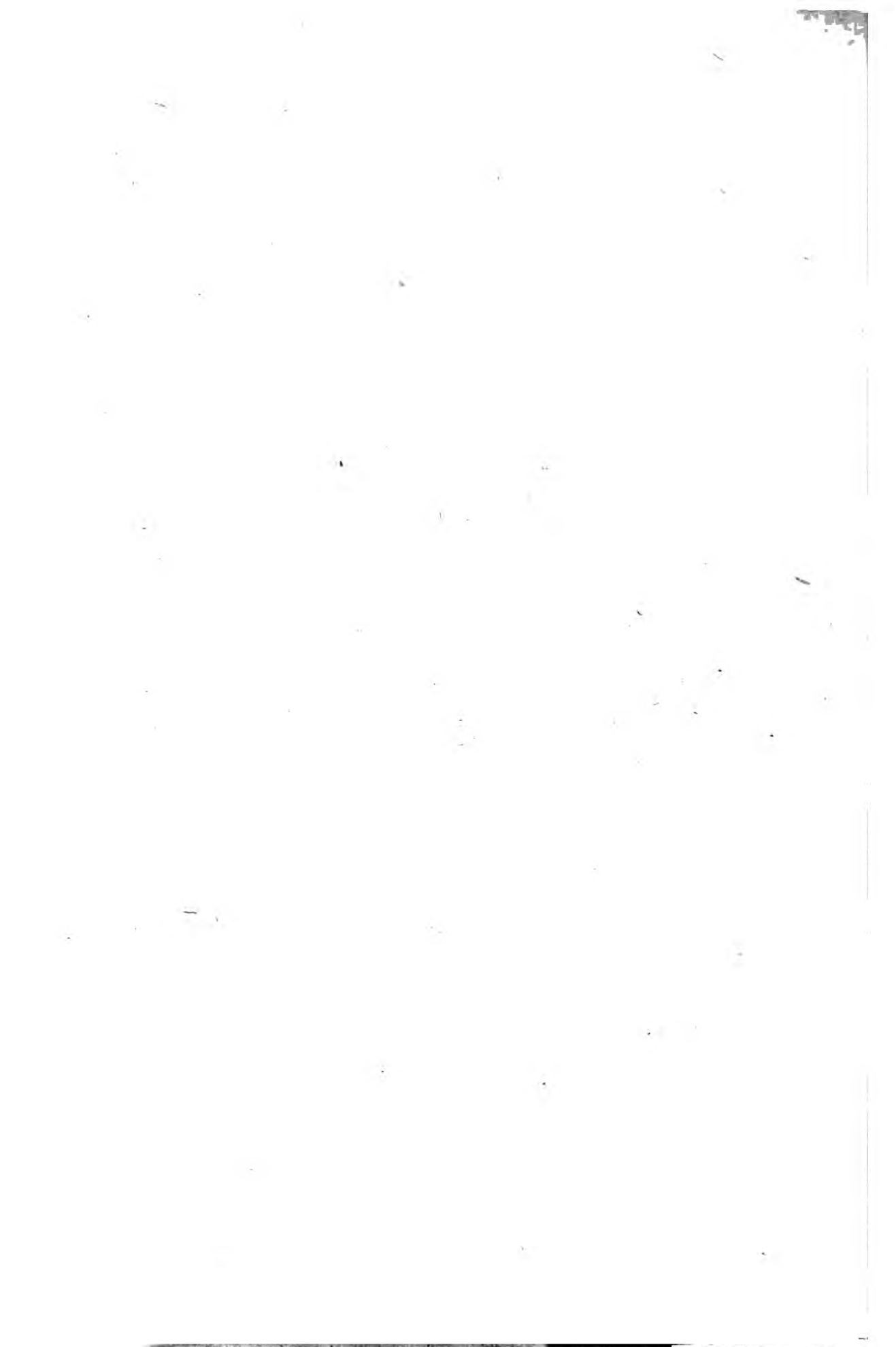
THERE is something in the river,
 All a-wobble, all a-wobble,
 You can see it as you trample through the reeds.
 I can hear the sedges sighing,
 All a-sighing, all a-sighing,
 And the rustle of the tassels full of seeds.

See the stars are all a-twinkle,
 All a-twinkle, all a-twinkle,
 You can watch them as they twinkle through the trees.
 There's the Council Fire a-flicker,
 All a-flicker, all a-flicker,
 Do you see the fire a-flickering in the breeze ?

Back to camp we come a-singing,
 All a-singing, all a-singing,
 To the old familiar chorus of the rhyme,
 We shall soon be all a-dreaming,
 All a-dreaming, all a-dreaming,
 And the stars are in the river all the time.

Harvest Moon. 27th Sun., 1913.





THE TOTEM TALKS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

TRIBAL TRAINING

Illustrated by the Author.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d. net. (Postage 4d.)

Mr. JOHN HARGRAVE, the Scout Commissioner for Woodcraft and Camping, has been called "The Thompson Seton of England," and in this new book, which is fully illustrated by the Author, will be found fascinating chapters on—Nature-craft; Health Lore; Camp-fire Ritual and Ceremony; Primitive Tribal Tests for Boys; Signs, Symbols, and Totems; Camp-craft, Adventure, Romance.

"Mr. John Hargrave, 'White Fox' in the Boy Scout administration, shows again in 'Tribal Training' his exceptional skill in ministering to the delight of the British boy in pretending to be things, among which fancying oneself to be a Red Indian is the finest of all."—*Globe*.

THE WIGWAM PAPERS

Illustrated by the Author, JOHN HARGRAVE.

*Price 1s. net, Paper Covers; 2s. net, Cloth Boards
(Postage 3d. extra).*

"This is a capital addition to the growing library of books for Boy Scouts, who will delight in the descriptions and diagrams of wigwams, kites, tom-toms and log books, etc. There is a timely warning to the 'fool-boy' who plays the idiot with such things as spears, air-guns, bows and arrows, or anything which may hurt anyone'; besides much useful information brightly given."

Literary World.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD.

THE TOTEM TALKS

BY

JOHN HARGRAVE

("WHITE FOX")

COMMISSIONER FOR WOODCRAFT AND CAMPING
TO THE BOY SCOUTS HEADQUARTERS STAFF.
AUTHOR OF "LONECRAFT," "WIGWAM PAPERS,"
"AT SUVLA BAY," ETC.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

London

C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Henrietta Street

1920

First Edition . . . 1918
Second Edition . . . 1920

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION

THE original edition of this little volume has run out of print. Here is the new and revised version. The fact that the first edition has sold out proves that the Talks of the Totem were not without interest.

The spark first kindled by *Lonecraft* is now blazing brightly, and the Followers of the Outdoor Trail are many.

But let us, I beseech you, strive for quality rather than quantity.

From the acorn, the oak, and from the tiny spark lit many moons ago round the Council Fire a great beacon is now burning—the Flame-Signal of the Gathering of the Clans!

Peace and Good Hunting!
Hough!


J. H.
("Big Smoke")
1920.



"WHITE MAN'S MAGIC"

From the Beckenham and District Boy Scouts' Association

" WHAWAGOOSH," The White Fox,
Chief of High Merit,
Wrote on a Birch Bark Strip,
Wrapped in the Green Moss,
Words of great Wisdom :
" Heap fine "—" Good Medicine."
Strong is the Magic
He sends to his Brothers.



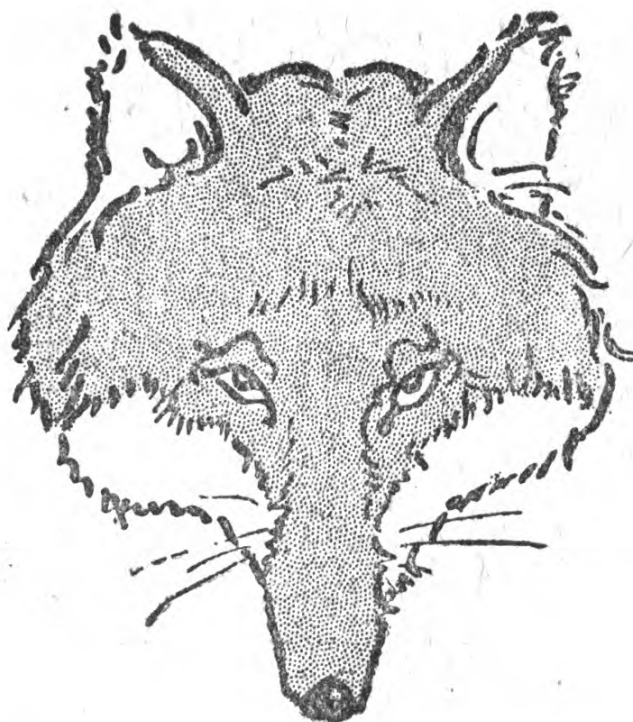
" Whawagoosh," we hunger
For more of thy Knowledge,
Relate to thy Brothers
How writing in pictures,
Scratched on the Birch Bark,
Tells the Papooses
Tales of their Warriors.
What are the meanings
Of the inscriptions
Carved on the Totem Poles,
Drawn on the Wigwams ?

Long have we pondered
Thy song to the " Black Wolf,"
Writer of *Lonecraft*,
Thy song is Good Medicine.
How ! Chief Whawagoosh,
Great is thy Magic ;
More of thy Song
Would the Braves have thee sing.

These are the words of " Black Panther "
Sent with Peace to " The White Fox."
Good Hunting, Smooth Trailing,
Fair Winds and Good Camping.

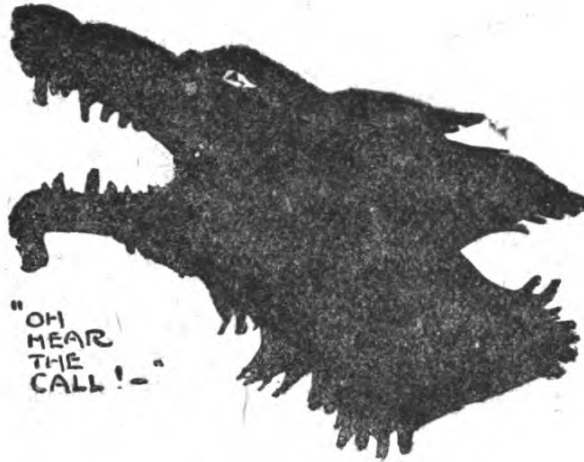
HOW !





TO
THE WOODCRAFT SCOUTS
OF GREAT BRITAIN,
GOOD HUNTING
PEACE
AND
SMOOTH TRAILING!

J. H. 1918.



OPENING WORDS

THE voice of the White Fox Totem to the boys of Britain :—

All hail to you, Brothers of the Great Empire!
Gather round the Council Fire—
The Totem talks,
I have yarns to spin and many a quaint legend to unfold.
Squat around and listen—
The Totem talks.
Who loves Adventure, and the Outdoor Trail, who
knows the Call of the Camp, and the Lure of the Wilds
—let him be seated in the Council Circle—
The Totem talks.

The words of the Totem spoken at the Sign of the Council
Fire to the boys of Britain.
Give ear, brothers, the wisdom of the Totem is "good
medicine."
Huh!—The Totem talks. . . .

THE TOTEM TALKS



TALK I

KINDLE THE SPARK

"Whose hand above this flame is lifted
Shall be with magic touch engifted."

"KINDLE the Spark!"

That is—light the fire; the fire of enthusiasm, the magic fire of youth and Scouthood.

Long ago, when men lived a hardy outdoor life, before the invention of machinery and comfort as we know it, the Council Fire was the gathering place of the clan, patrol, or tribe.

The fire drew men together, and over the flickering orange flames one chief would talk with another and the tried warriors and braves listened in a semicircle to the palaver.

It came to pass, therefore, that whenever words of wisdom should be spoken, or whenever one man would talk in friendship with another, it was always round the Council



Fire ; and to this day, people love to sit and chat over the fire.

You know yourself there is something about a camp-fire of an evening which makes you feel absolutely content and happy. What it is you cannot tell ; it may be the scent of the resin bubbling and spluttering in the pine-log, or the whiff of wood-smoke, or the goblin-dance of the flames, or the red-hot embers falling with a low crackle into white ash.

Whatever it is, you who have been to camp know it—the magic of the fire.

It is not possible for every troop to hold its Council Fire out of doors. But there is a way of holding a council in your Clubroom which every troop should try during the winter months.

In the centre of the floor of your Clubroom you arrange a star-shaped formation of logs, in the middle of which you light a photographer's developing lamp, with red sides. These lamps are very inexpensive, and give a splendid red glow at night time, looking cosy and comfortable.

This is your Clubroom Council Fire, and round it the braves and the head chief (Scoutmaster) will assemble in a semicircle, and here on a winter's evening you may hold a great Pow-Wow.

You can have songs and dances ; you can have lectures on Starmanship, Tracking, Woodcraft, etc., and you can discuss the programme for the following camping season.

THE CLUBROOM COUNCIL FIRE

It is At the Sign of the Council Fire that I rise up to make talk with you, O Brotherhood of Woodcraft-Camper-Scouts.

Here, standing before the fire—the magic fire of old—I would speak of the dying of the spark. It is for us, my brothers, to "Kindle the Spark." It is for us to reawaken the spirit of adventure—for us to keep the camp fires burning till the "chiefs" return from the war-path.

"Kindle the Spark," my brothers, keep the magic fire of scoutcraft burning by following the laws of scouthood.

As in the days of primitive man, let us, the Great Brotherhood of Scouts, hold council one with another At the

Sign of the Council Fire. And it shall be that we speak truth, and discuss the great game of Scouting.

"Kindle the Spark"—the spark of interest, the spark of energy and work, the spark of intelligence. Let us be keen. Never let us become slack. Let us keep our wits about us.

Let us keep up to the mark not only in the passing of badge-tests, but also in keeping the great code of honour—the Laws of Our Tribe.

For if we depart from the keeping of the laws—no matter how many tests we pass for badges—we are no longer Scouts.



YOUR CLUBROOM COUNCIL
FIRE

"Kindle the Spark"—and keep it burning: burning brightly; burning steadily. Steadfast in time of trouble, lending a helping hand, showing a smiling face, and keeping a mind always "at the alert"—so may we become "merry men and true."

Again, let me impress upon you the importance of what I may call the primitive side of Scoutcraft. I want to hear you make use of your "Patrol cries" more than you do; and it is quite a long time since I saw a Troop of Scouts weaving mats on a camp-loom out-of-doors. And, again, when you sign yourself, where is the Totem-sign of your Patrol—the Beaver, Lion, Peewit, or whatever it is? I don't see it.

When was the last time you went tracking? What?



THE SCOUT CALLS TO HIS
PATROL

When you passed for your Second Class Badge! But, my dear Brother Scout, following the trail is Scouting. It is not a matter of "passing out" for badges . . . it is a *habit* with the trained Scout. He notices things—tracks especially.

Oh!—and what about the Engonyama Chorus?—or "Zing-a-zing! Bom, bom!" I have not heard them lately. . . .

Beware, O Patrol-leader, of squad



THE PATROL CRY OF THE
INDIAN BRAVE

drill—we of the Scout Brotherhood are *not* imitation soldiers. When the time comes—and we are old enough—we join the Army and serve our King and Country. We shall be the better soldiers for having been Scouts.

But remember, a Scout's a Scout—and the Scout's job is to learn Scoutcraft—not military drill.

In 1918, therefore, let us attend more and more to the great and ancient art of Scouting—not for our own honour, nor for the winning of badges—but for the honour of our tribe (troop, I mean) and for the honour of the British Empire.

How splendid a nation we should be if we could but say—
“Every Man a Scout!”

TALK II

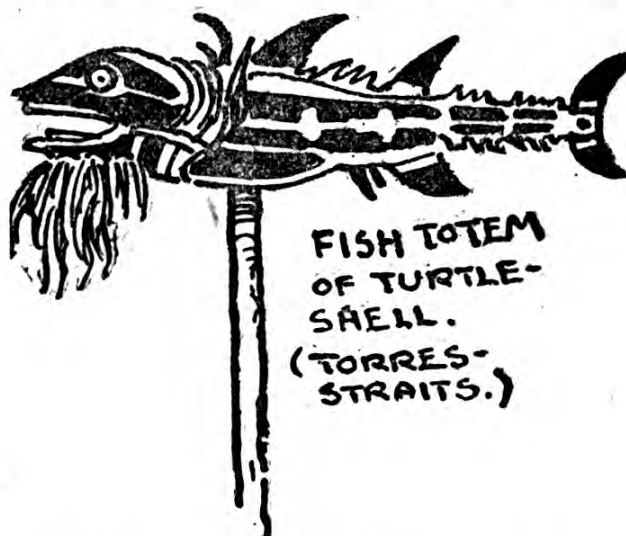
WHAT IS A TOTEM?



"I DON'T really know what a Totem Pole is!" said the Patrol-leader.

A savage tribe is divided up in exactly the same way that a Troop of Scouts is divided into patrols.

Each "clan" or patrol of the tribe has its Totem—generally a fish, or a bird, or an animal—and the Totem is a secret sacred sign, an emblem, or crest. Thus, a native is called by his Totem—he may be a "Hawk," or a "Crocodile," or a "Kangaroo," or an "Emu." This sign is carved



on a tree-trunk and stuck up in the centre of the village, or in some secret place—a clearing in the forest, or in a sacred grove where only the Medicine Men may go. The picture above shows what a Totem Pole looks like.

This Totem Sign is looked upon with awe by the natives, it is their protector and must be guarded and honoured—for it stands for the honour of the tribe.

There is often some fable or myth connected with the Totem Sign. The tribe is supposed to have come from a "snake," or a "bear," who came down from the mountains ages ago and taught their ancestors all the wisdom which the Medicine Man now teaches to the braves of the tribe at the initiation ceremonies.

The Totem is really their "Patrol Animal"—and they are very proud of it—and quite rightly so. They try to keep up the honour of their Totem, and to beat any other tribe in scouting and hunting.

SCOUT TOTEMS

This is exactly what the Boy Scout Patrols do all over the world to-day. Each Scout belongs to a patrol—each patrol has its Totem Sign.

My own patrol Totem was the "Eagle." My private (or name totem) the "White Fox."

You must keep up the honour of your Totem. If you are a "Peewit" you must show that you can beat the "Tiger Totem" at everything.

The Totem Pole stands for all the wisdom and skill which is known to the tribe.

In my own camp I always have a Totem Pole standing before the Council Fire-place on the Council Ground; and my own private totem-pole standing by my tent—it is quite a small one of the "White Fox."

Many other Scout troops do this. It reminds you of your duty as a Scout, and it is picturesque.

On the Totem Pole are to be seen the "Camp Rules and Orders," and any other notice is posted on the Totem Pole.

Have you seen a "Shark Totem" from the Torres Straits made of turtle-shell?

The natives are wonderfully clever at



making things for themselves—you can see it is nicely designed and decorated. Scouts should be able to make their own equipment from start to finish and to decorate their tents and Totem Poles properly. It is really quite easy, and very cheap to make a camp Totem Pole.

It can be fretworked, carved, and painted in your Clubroom, and taken to camp when you go this summer.!

The Totem Pole should face the Council Fire, and the troop will squat in a semicircle facing the fire and the Tribal Totem. The Chiefs and Medicine Men (i.e. Scoutmaster, Assistants, and Chaplain) will be seated in front of the Totem, facing the fire and the troop (tribe, I mean!). A Council Fire Pow-wow without a Totem is like a Pow-wow without a Council Fire. It is incomplete. You can have great fun in making your Totem. You have to draw it out, and cut it, carve it, and paint it—it is good Clubroom work—and requires some skill. Yours should be the most elaborate and nicely-made Totem in the district.

Try it—it is “good medicine.”

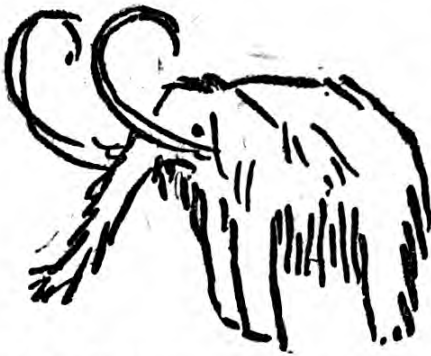


TALK III

FLINT AND BONE

HAVE you ever tried to imagine what people were like in that dim, remote past from which our ancestors sprang? You know how a Scout finds a match-end here and a thumb-print there, and, putting two and two together, finds out what has happened by deduction. By exactly the same method the learned geologists and biologists put two and two together and reconstruct what has probably happened ages ago. It is by this method that we know to some extent what prehistoric people and animals were like.

From time to time fossilised bones come to light—they are dug up, or found embedded in rock strata, and these



ROCK SCRATCHING ON CAVE WALL
BY PREHISTORIC MAN

men, professors and scientists, by this method of deduction, are able to form a fairly correct opinion of what things were like millions of years ago.

They know, for instance, that long ago the elephant was a huge hairy creature with curved-up tusks. They call this type of elephant a Mammoth. The bones of these Mammoths have been

found turned to stone. Ages ago there were existing great lizards bigger than any animal now living. You may see the skeletons of these creatures for yourself if you take the trouble to go to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

The men who lived in prehistoric ages were hunters and scouts. They probably dressed in skins. They made flint

spears and stone axes and stone arrowheads with which to hunt.

These stone implements can also be seen at the museums. As a rule, the deeper down in the strata or layers of rock these bones and remains are discovered the older is the period to which they belonged.

Some savage tribes have not advanced at all—that is, they still live a Stone Age life, using flints for knives and dressing in skins.

These primitive people closely resemble what we suppose the prehistoric men looked like. Skulls have been



HEAD OF NATIVE, WORKII TRIBE, AUSTRALIA

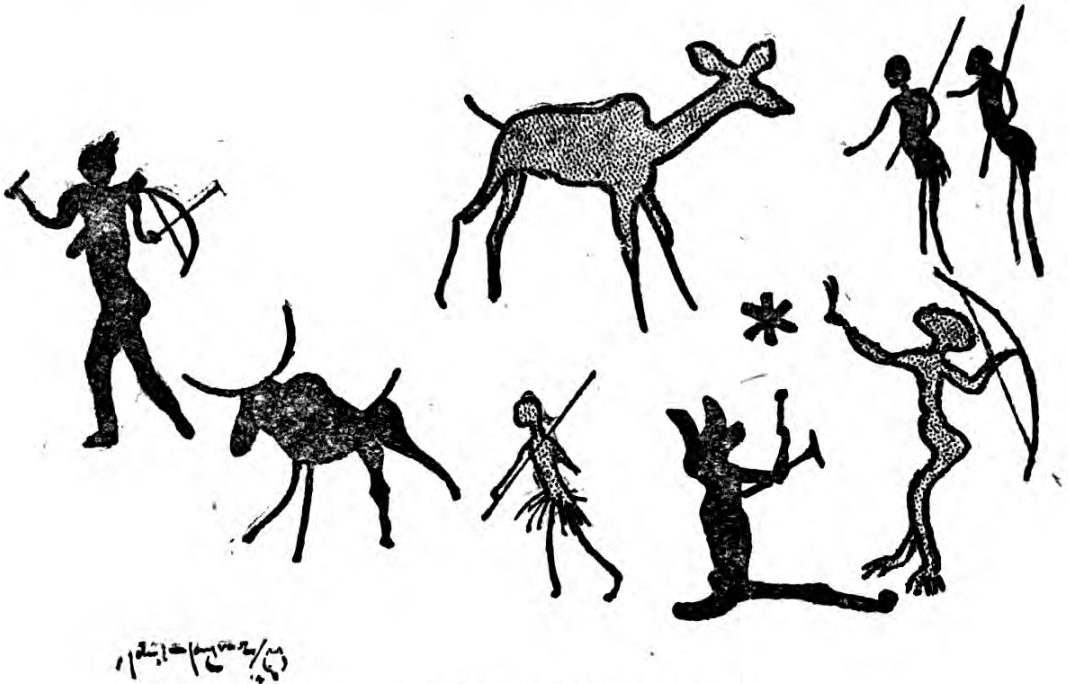
found and they are almost the same as the skulls of these living tribes of natives.

Rock-scratchings or drawings and picture-writings made by prehistoric men have been found in caves and they depict the queer animals that lived long ages ago. There were huge bat-winged birds. All the ancient creatures appear to have been of immense size. The bones which have been found are enormous.

The bushmen of South Africa and Australia draw and paint on rocks to this day—just as prehistoric men used to scratch with a flint on the cave sides of his rock dug-out.

I expect you have found fossilised shells in chalk and lime stone yourself—in the same way scientists dig up the fossils of prehistoric men and creatures.

Prehistoric men were probably very good Scouts, because they had to make everything. They had to make their knives and spears and axes, their thong-belts and their skin clothes, they made fire (if they ever discovered the art of fire-making) with flint and flint, or with rubbing sticks.



BUSHMAN ROCK-PAINTINGS, AFRICA

They made their homes in the caves and built huts in the trees just as savage tribes do to this day.

Every Boy Scout should know as much as he can about these prehistoric Scouts, and if you wish to know more you should read *Primitive Man*, by Edward Clodd.

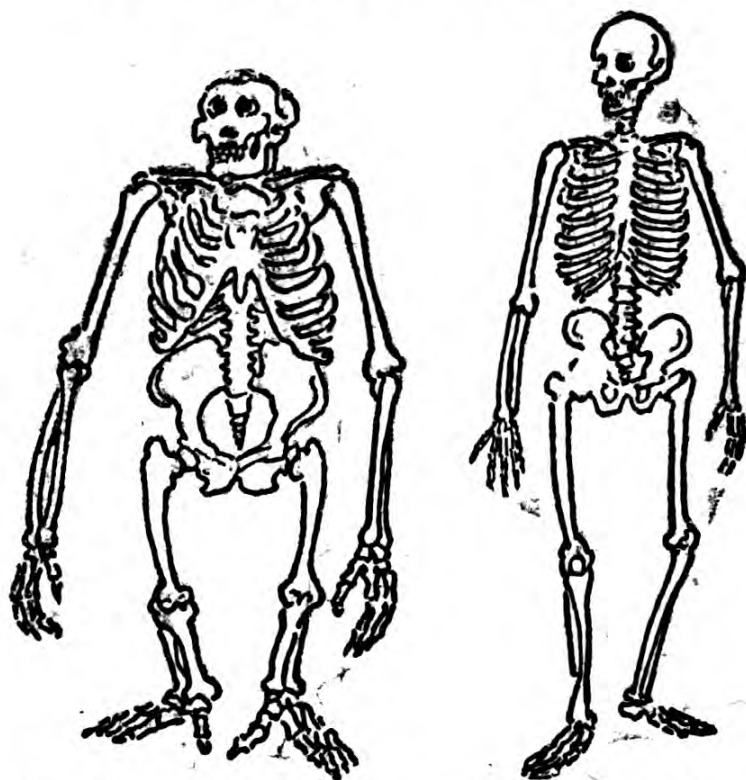
There are also many other books on the subject, and most museums have some prehistoric remains of the Stone Age, Ice Age, Bronze Age, and all the other remote ages of the past.

I cannot imagine a Scout who is not interested in prehistoric scoutcraft.

It is the Scout's job to know all there is to know about scouting, and primitive man was a cunning and clever Scout. From his record, as found in the remains and scratchings, we may learn much which will help us to understand scoutcraft and the art of living out-of-doors.



MUCH THE SAME—BUT NOT QUITE!



MR. APE: "Me and Man are on the same footing!"

MAN: "Yes; but not on the same heading!"

TALK IV

"GREAT JU-JU"

"You'RE not going to write about jujubes!" exclaimed the Patrol-leader.

"Sure thing I am, brother," was my reply.

"Hopeless case," he murmured—"come unbuttoned in the head." . . .

"Ju-Ju," as you probably know, is black man's magic; and a "Ju-Ju House" is a magic house.

"A "Duk-Duk Club" is a Secret Society governing a Tribe—a Medicine-Man's Patrol in fact. You would hardly think you could connect these things with a Boy Scouts' Club-room—but you can.

Your Court of Honour is the "Duk-Duk Club" of your tribe—troop I mean; and your Clubroom is your "Ju-Ju House" or gathering-place.

In a savage tribe the "Ju-Ju House" is most mysterious. It is sometimes built on piles; it has a thatched roof, and a tree-trunk ladder. Skulls and bones hang from the doorway, and a fearful-looking Totemic Emblem, or carved pole, stands just outside—it is "great ju-ju." Here the members of the Secret Society—the Medicine Men—or "Duk-Duk Men" hold Council and initiate, or instruct, the young braves of the tribe. Here the boys prepare to pass their tests of endurance, here they are taught the laws of the Tribe—just as you in your Clubroom in England prepare for badge-tests and learn the Scout Law.

The Clubroom is the place where you should prepare for the Summer. The Winter is the time to make tents, mend tents and draw up plans for tramping, camps, and hikes into the country. During the "Long-Night Moon" (December) and the "Snow Moon" (January) you will have been learning sketch-mapping, distance-judging,

map-reading by compass and stars. The hiking or tramping outfit of each Patrol will be overhauled, repaired, replaced, and got ready for the Trail once more. Mess-tins and billy-cans will be inspected and polished up, haversacks and water-bottles made good and serviceable. You will learn dances and calls in preparation for the coming Outdoor Life, and you will make bandages and splints for the local hospitals. Here you will go through your stretcher-drill and be ready to render first aid whenever necessary. Here you will be instructed in the laws, rites, and customs, Scout



"JU-JU HOUSE" OF THE "DICK-DAK" CLAN.

signs and ceremonies, of the Boy Scout Brotherhood, by the Chiefs of the Tribe.

So much for Clubroom work. Now as to the Clubroom itself. There ought certainly to be a full-sized poster of the Scout Law on the wall—but don't stick up odd post-cards and cigarette-cards all over the place. Get hold of some good print or reproduction of some well-known painting such as the Roman Sentinel at Pompeii called "Faithful Unto Death," or get some full-size illustrations out of the *Sphere*, or some other picture-paper; for instance, a good drawing or photograph of Captain Scott's Expedition, or the *Endurance* stuck in the ice in the Far South.

Keep the Clubroom tidy and neat. Have a *few* good pictures on the walls, and let them be scoutlike in subject, with some kind of Scouting interest attached to them. Have a photograph of " B. P.," or Thompson Seton, or " Buffalo Bill," or Capt. Selous, Capt. Scott, Shackleton, or any of the other great Scouts. Don't stick up old advertisements. Don't have lace curtains at the windows—as I once saw in a Clubroom. Keep the place manly, Scouty, and *clean*. " Swab out the deck " at each meeting and keep the floor brushed and free from dust. Have a mat to wipe your boots at the door, and see that the boys of your Patrol use it.

Clear up after each meeting. Give each boy a job ; one cleaning windows, one mopping floor, one blacking grate, one scrubbing table, one fetching coal, one polishing fender, one arranging tables and chairs, one keeping books and papers in order and up-to-date. In this way the work will not fall upon any one—but will be divided equally. " Many hands make light work " in the Clubroom.

Keep any challenge shield polished and bright, and the Troop Colours always in their waterproof case except on parade. Keep a Clubroom Log-book and enter in it what happens at each meeting—that is the duty of the Keeper of the Log.

Make a noise when you're supposed to make a noise—keep silence when the whistle goes or you hear the voice of your Second, Patrol-leader, or Scoutmaster.

Obey the rules of your Clubroom. In this way you will always enjoy your meetings, and you will have to your credit a splendid " Ju-Ju House " as a place of instruction and amusement under the control of the " Duk-Duk Club " or Court of Honour.

Carry on.

TALK V

"WILD INDIANS—AND ALL THAT TOSH!"

FOR my part I find it hard to believe there is a boy—much less a Scout—who does not take a keen interest in primitive tribes, and their rites, customs, and crafts. If there is, in my opinion, he should be taken at once to a mental specialist!

People who know nothing about the subject speak sneeringly of "wild Indians—and all that tosh!" And they include under the heading "wild Indians" all those skilful and cunning native races from which we ourselves have evolved—for the ancient Britons were no more than savages, dressed in skins, and painted with woad.

But one can hardly imagine a Scout being such an idiot as to class the Solomon Islanders, the Eskimo, the Laplanders, the American Redskins, the Zulus, the Malay Islanders, the Thibetans, the Hindoos, the Japs, the Maoris, and all the other wonderful peoples of the earth as "wild Indians—and tosh!" From all these people we may learn the art of Scoutcraft.

THE SAVAGE AT WORK

When you come to examine the things they do and make—the tents, the canoes and paddles, the huts, masks, looms, bows, spears, fire-drills, totems, and dances—you cannot but marvel how it is that we, a highly civilised race, with all our marvellous mechanical inventions, cannot turn out articles half as well-made and carefully designed as these "wild Indians." We have much to learn from the primitive natives.

If he cannot read or write, he can send a smoke signal and read one when a white man can see no sign. If he cannot make a telephone, he can send a rock-tapping message by a secret code for many miles. If he has not invented a

gramophone, he can imitate the calls of birds and animals so that the creatures themselves are “taken in,” and answer the call.

If he cannot build a dreadnought, he can fashion a beautifully shaped canoe with a flint-axe from a tree-trunk and can make it skim like a sea-bird over the lagoons around his coral reefs. If he does not travel by motor-car, he can run mile upon mile with tireless energy over the prairie and through the trackless forests. If he has no weaving factories he can weave a wonderful robe from grass and fibre with a few sticks and some raw-hide thongs. If he knows nothing of submarines, he can dive like a porpoise for pearl-oysters and sponge and remain under water for a long time. If he never saw a naval gun, he can use his blow-pipe and poisoned dart with deadly aim. If he has no national flag, like the Union Jack, he is true to his Tribal Totem—and would die for its honour, and the honour of his tribe.

HEALTH AND SCOUTING

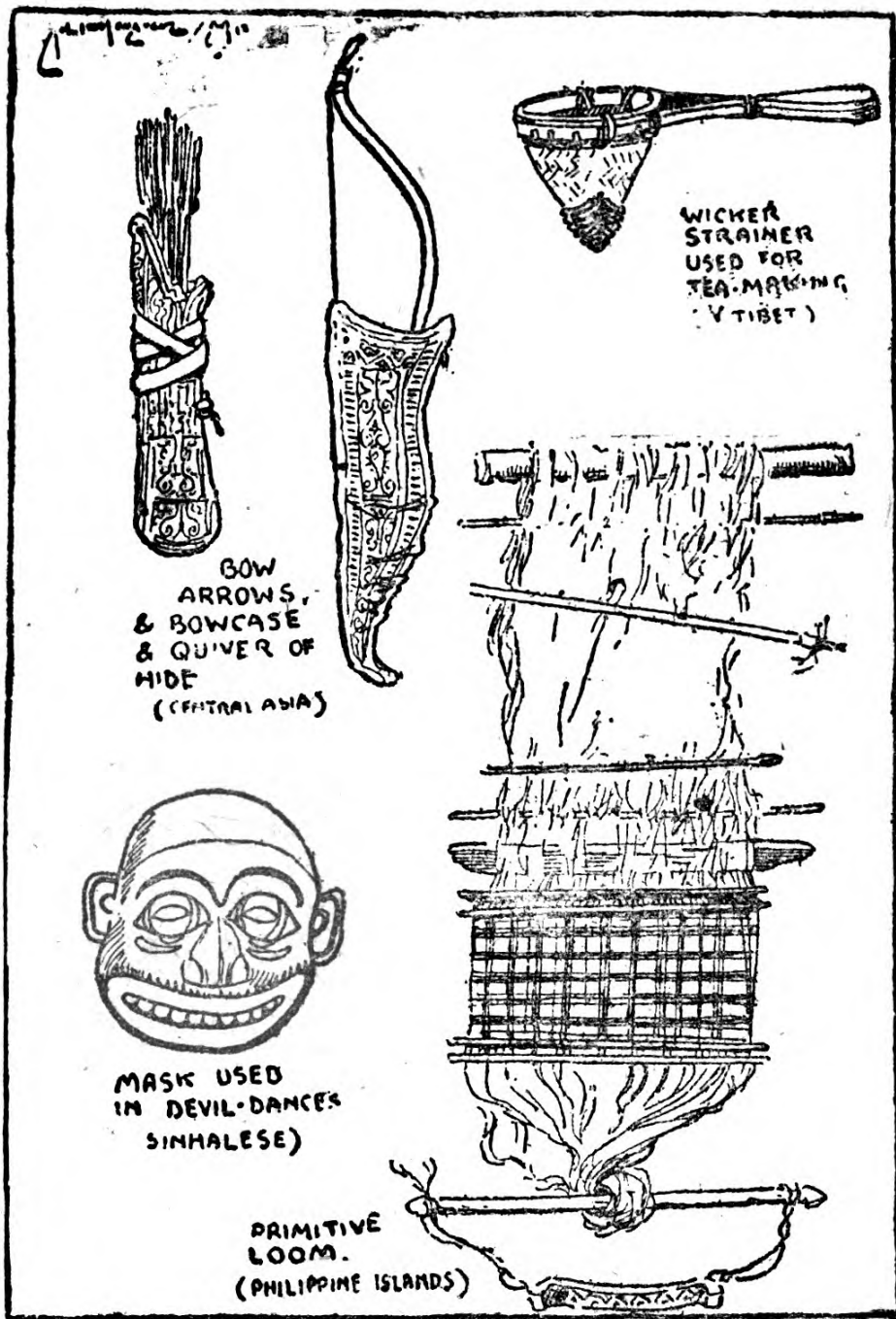
If he does not suffer from headaches, it is because he lives a natural outdoor life. If his sight is keen and clear it is because he does not spoil it by over-smoking, reading small print and going to flickering kinema shows.

If his body is supple and strong it is because he does not abuse it in any way, does not over-eat, over-drink, sit in comfortable chairs in hot houses, and sleep in soft feather-beds. If he walks with elastic step and well-balanced limbs it is because he has never worn unnatural clothes and badly shaped boots.

I say “if,” because when he takes to the ways of white men he quickly becomes demoralised, degenerate, and un-scoutlike, and often dies out.

Therefore, my brothers, as Scouts we may not despise the primitive savage. But rather let us take all that is good and clean and skilful and apply it to our own Great Brotherhood.





SOME PRIMITIVE INSTRUMENTS.



TALK VI

THE WOODCRAFT WAY

I HAVE always advocated the Outdoor Woodcraft method of training for Scouts rather than the indoor Squad-drill system.

But—*they wouldn't believe me!*

"Your primitive savage ideas are jolly fine," said the Patrol-leader, "but how can we do 'em in a town?"

I told him I had just returned from a visit to a Tribe of Woodcraft Indians living in the S.E. London district.

But—*he wouldn't believe me!*

I was invited to attend a Grand Council of this Tribe by one "Black Panther," and the Head Chief "Silver Wolf." They held their Council indoors in their "Ju-Ju House" or Clubroom, and their fire consisted of logs of wood set up as below—with an electric lamp with a red shade underneath. It gave a splendid red glow and stood as a symbol of the Council Fire. Here I made a short pow-wow on "Scoutcraft at Suvla Bay" and the boys—braves I mean—were silent and eager-eyed.

"Silver Wolf," the Chief of the Tribe, brought forth the Peace Pipe—a real Sioux pipe—and each of the Chiefs pretended to draw one whiff—a whiff in token of friendliness and brotherhood.

The Keeper of the Council Fire sat cross-legged near the pile of logs in his Indian blanket and a headband with a single feather. He made smoke with the rubbing-sticks

and fireboard before the electric light was switched on, and at intervals during the pow-wow he blew up the flames in the most realistic style! "Big Bear" (an assistant Scoutmaster), who is Keeper of the Records, read out the minutes of last month's Grand Council and also the "business" to be brought up at this meeting.



THE COUNCIL FIRE

He read from the Tribal Log-book.

Only a few of those "young savages" have Indian names and you have to work hard and show your worth before you are named at the Council Fire. The Tribe was seated in a semicircle facing the Council, i.e. the Head Chief, Tribal Chiefs, and the Medicine Man.

THE CARIBOU DANCE

If you had a spark of imagination—as all good Scouts have—you could easily imagine you were out on the prairies at the Council Fire of some wild Indian tribe!

The Head Chief "made talk" in solemn and truly woodcrafty-lingo, calling his "braves" (Scouts I mean) "brothers," and leading the pow-wow. These Scouts, who carry out much of the Woodcraft Way of Training, do not neglect the other part of Scouting—the badge-passing and service for others—in fact, the Ceremony and Council Fire pow-wows simply add to the fun and interest of Scouting for Boys—and they are the better Scouts for it.



THE CARIBOU DANCE

The Head Chief then asked if I would like to see the Tribe perform the "Caribou Dance." This is an old Indian dance and they did it awfully well.

The Tom-Tom Beater stands up and beats a monotonous tattoo, bewailing all the time that the Caribou have deserted the hunting-grounds and that the squaws and papooses are starving. He represents the Medicine Man who is making "good medicine" (or power). He calls upon the North Wind and the South Wind, the East Wind and the West—but there is no answer. At last the tramp, tramp of the Caribou herd on the trail floats across the forest-winds. In they come—a long line of Scouts holding wooden horns in front of their heads and stamping and snorting like real Caribou.

"GOOD MEDICINE!"

Round and round the fire they dance, faster and faster to the beat of the Tom-Tom. They fight in pairs with each other, butting with their horns. Then the Tom-Tom beater cries aloud for the Hunters of the Tribe and in they come with their bows strung. The "thrum-twang" of all these bow-strings sent a shiver of fear down our spines. The Caribou fall dead and the dance ends by the Hunters skinning the hide and cutting up the meat.

It was a great dance and very well done. When the Head Chief said anything which was approved strongly by the



THE PEACE PIPE

tribe they all called out "Good Medicine!" which is the same as "Hear, hear!"

So you see the Woodcrafty way of carrying on a Club-room meeting is quite easy in a town and is being used by this Association with great success. Many other Troops are taking up the idea.

In the past I have often explained to Scouts and Scoutmasters this picturesque and useful system—but they wouldn't believe me! That was years ago. Now they do.

TALK VII

"WHAT'S IT ALL FOR?"

"If folks dinna ken what ye're doing, Davie, they're terrible taken up with it; but if they think they ken, they care nae mair for it than what I do for pease pudding."—R. L. STEVENSON.

"YES, I know—but what's it all *for*?" said the Man in the Top-hat.

There's nothing like a mystery for attracting attention. You've noticed how people crowd round a man with a pick-axe and a barricade round him, when "the road's up"? Wonderful, how interested they are in trying to see what there is inside that hole he's making in the street—even if there's nothing in it!

Same with Scouting. They want to know "what it's all *for*?" It's a mystery to the outside world. What do they do—these boys in bare knees and cow-punchers' hats?

Scouting is a mystery—that's half the beauty of it. *We* know what it's for. It's to train boys to be men—hard, clean, manly men; the sort of men who *are* men, not flabby, flat-footed creatures, but great, strong, six-footer, hefty, bull-chested, clear-eyed, "look-after-myself-or-bust" sort of men.

And it does it!—it does it, that's the wonder of it, the success of the whole thing. Even when you're inside the Movement, when you're no longer a Tender-foot—there is *still* a mystery. That's the great attraction to our Brotherhood. It's full of mystery. There's always something new, some patent way of lighting a fire, some animal-call we don't know,



THE "CAN'T SETTLE
DOWN" TYPE

some kind of hut we've never built, a "good turn" we've never thought of, a track we'd never seen before . . . always—a mystery. You don't get to the end of Scouting. "While there's life there's Scouting!" one might truthfully say. I can't imagine a boy who isn't a Scout at heart—because if he isn't—well, he isn't a boy!



THE "MOSS
GATHERING"
TYPE

Every boy, who is a boy, loves adventure. You do yourself. You like to read of roughriders and Redskins, buccaneers, and explorers, of secret treasure on desolate islands, of sacred mountains and hidden fortresses, of hair-breadth escapes, and "hang-on-by-the-skin-of-your-eyelid" rescues—so do I, so does everyone who has not "grown up," and become "civilised" and "tame."

I had the pleasure of pow-wowing to 350 Hackney Scouts some time ago on "The Spirit of Adventure." I drew the type of man who "can't settle down" on the blackboard. He "gathers no moss" it's true—but he gathers a good deal more—he gathers experience, and, in the School of Adventure, he has jolly well *had* to form a strong, Scout-like character or "go under."

Of course, I don't mean that everyone can be a frontiersman or an explorer, but this I do mean—that every boy, while he is a boy, can be a Scout, and in that way he can, at any rate, get just a "sniff" of the "Spirit of Adventure" before he has to work in a town.

More than that, in the Scout's School of Adventure he will teach himself how to keep healthy in body and mind, and this, together with the Scout Law, will give him a "pull" over any man who has not been a Scout, when he "buries his Scout hatchet" and has to work all day and every day far away from his old camping grounds.

And then people wonder what it's all *for*!

There are very few "can't-see-the-good-of-its" left, I'm glad to say.

They *know* what it's all for.

Going to give up Scouting when you're eighteen?
No—I thought not.

"Train up a boy to be a Scout, and when he is old he will not depart from it."



THE FRONTIERSMAN

He may have to depart from the old Clubroom, he may not be able to go to camp with the old troop. But, if he ever was a real Scout, he'll no more be able to give it up than—I could!

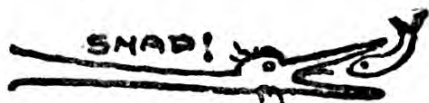
You can't do it—and you wouldn't if you could. Scouting is life—and life is Scouting.

"Once a camper, always a camper." It's camp-fever. I've got it—badly. You'll catch it if you're not careful! It's very infectious, and—it's no good, you can't get any inoculation to prevent it—if you're a healthy, normal British boy.

What's it all *for*?

It's all for the love of Adventure—but it makes a man in the end.

D'you get me?



TALK VIII

SILENT PAW, BROTHER!

“SOFTLY, SOFTLY——”

SOME soldiers were leaving a station in France bound for the first-line trenches. As they marched out they noticed, chalked on one of the sheds, the following lines :

“ A wise old owl
Lived up in an oak.
The more he heard
The less he spoke ;
The less he spoke
The more he heard,
All soldiers should follow
This wise old bird.”

It seems to be so Scoutlike that I cannot help thinking it was chalked up by a Scout. But whoever did it, did a jolly good turn to all the men who saw it.

It is the duty of a Scout to see and not be seen—to hear and not be heard—like the “ wise old bird.”

Therefore do not allow too much bugle-blowing and drill to creep into your troop, because after all the really important part of Scouting is to become good Scouts—“ wise old birds,” in fact.

“ Softly, softly, catchee monkey ! ”

Not by making a row, but by cunning and kindness,

THE TOTEM TALKS

courage and keenness, intelligence and cleanness do we become good Scouts.

Do not neglect the Scoutcraft side of the game, the nature craft, stalking, good turns, camping, tracking, hiding, running, swimming, climbing, hut building, and all those healthy and splendid exercises and games which go to make up the Great Game of Scouting.

Do not allow your troop to dwindle into a glorified brigade. After all, in the Scouts we do things on "Scouty" lines, and we are, above all, an Outdoor Brotherhood of Boys.

If you are really a good Scout you should be able to look after yourself by yourself, and you will not be afraid of silence, and you will not feel alone when no one is near. You will not mind going into the woods at night . . . and yet I have in mind one or two town Scouts who were very timid when it came to Scouting alone in the woods without any streets or pavements or lamps to show them the way. But it is the Scout's duty to find the way—and having found it to point out the way to others, not only in the woods, but by living a Scout-like life as a good example. I would impress upon the town Scouts the importance of getting out into the country—and when you come to think of it it is not so very difficult after all. There are trams and buses which run right out to the woods and fields, and if you act up to the Scout Law and help people as you go along you will find no difficulty in getting farmers and landowners to let you run over their ground if you do not damage the trees, hedges, and fences. Indeed, it is your duty as Scouts to mend the fences and to keep order wherever you may be.

But people do not like rowdyism or any sign of hooliganism, and making a row and making a nuisance is very far from carrying out the Scout spirit.

Remember, then, that "Softly, softly . . ." wins all along the line, and if you go about things quietly, not having "too much talk" and not making a noise, you will get what you want, and people will respect and be proud of you and the whole Brotherhood of Scouts.

Those who belong to the "Owl Patrol"—whose Totem

Animal is the Wise Old Owl—should take that little verse as their Troop Watchword :

“ The less he spoke
The more he heard.
All Scouts should follow
This wise old bird ! ”

THE SILENT PAW

Can *you* do it ?
Creep along cat-wise this way.
Bend your back, crouch, head down, that's it.
Don't make a noise—silent-paw, brother, silent paw. . . .
Good.



Are you a creep-along-cat-wise Scout ? You ought to be. Stalking is part of Tracking and it is all part of Scouting. Indeed, Scouting includes all the most exciting skilful kinks and cunning in the world. We learn this from the wolf, and that from the Indian, this from the Eskimo, and that from the Zulu—and we evolve Scouting—the most wonderful game ever invented. Do you know why so many grown-up people (and some boys also) find it difficult to creep along cat-wise ? Do you know why they are “ no go ” at Stalking ? It is because their muscles and bones are not “ in tune,” not supple, elastic, rhythmic. Their bodies don't “ work together,” they are stiff here and flabby there. But a Boy Scout trains his body as well as his mind and he keeps it in good order.



He does this by the creep-along-cat-wise exercises and rhythmic poses.

The way to make your body really fit and lissome and nimble is to keep it clean, oil it with olive oil and go in for

a series of motion-positions every day. You can do this in your bedroom, or in the gym, or in camp.

You must practise getting into all kinds of queer creep-along-cat-wise attitudes *quickly*, and then try to keep absolutely still in those positions, not moving an eyelid or a muscle of any kind.



After you have completed at least six different positions and have gone through the exercises given in *Scouting for Boys*, you must always take a bath and cleanse the pores of the skin from olive oil. The use of the oil is well known. All runners use it, natives use it, because it tones up the tissues and makes them supple. Of course, the rubbing does a lot of good and you should "rub it in" carefully all over.

Try to imitate a cat stalking a rabbit; a fox looking back on the trail; a frog ready to jump; an Indian killed by an arrow. Make up your own poses but keep the whole body moving and twisting and turning. Stretch out any muscle you feel needs stretching. Bend your back. Mark time on your toes. Walk on your toes, crawl on your toes, arch the instep.

Try wriggling your arms before a mirror till they look like snakes wriggling about. Bend your neck and keep going for three minutes.

Breathe through the nose all the time.

Then stop. Relax the whole body. Let your muscles go absolutely limp—as if you were dead. Don't let any part of the body keep itself tight and taut. If you find you cannot relax some parts, say the calf muscles or under the knees, rub them and pat them, knead them like dough until you find they are coming into "tune" in time with

the rest of your body. For if you cannot relax your whole body you will not be able to make it do what you wish when you "tighten it up."

That is the way to become supple and nimble—and that is the creep-along-cat-wise method of training. I have used it myself in my own camps and I know it works. But it is no good just reading about it here—you must *do* it.



Then again you must be able to keep still—to "freeze." Here you see a Scout who wishes to observe something and is imitating a tree as he stands. In the distance—if he keeps still—he will look like a broken-off tree-trunk. But if he moves he "gives the show away."

This is an old ruse often used by the Patagonian Indians and I have seen it used by Scouts in their Scouting games.



TALK IX

"SLOG ON, SLOG ON!"

THESE were the immortal words of Captain Scott to his "do-it-or-die" sledging party—

"Slog on, slog on!"

True counts every one, these dauntless Antarctic explorers did not "say die" till they were dead.

An exploring party was once crossing the trackless wastes of the Gobi desert of India.

The food supply gave out, there was no water to be found. One after another men, camels, and mules dropped exhausted and died on the sand.

The leader and his faithful friend "slogged on." They had lost all their pack-animals, and so they trudged on by foot.

Day after day they dragged their weary legs over the rolling dunes with the sun glaring down upon them. They were now reduced to living on grass and cactus.

At last the faithful native servant could go on no longer, and, wasted to a skeleton, with lips and tongue parched and swollen, he sank to the ground and waited for death.

The leader, himself all but dying, went on to see if he could see any sign of living things.

The native lay in the sand, and watched his master get smaller and smaller, until he disappeared, a tiny speck in the distance.

The next day death had not overtaken the native, and as he gazed across the desert he saw a thin wisp rising to the blue sky—smoke!

This native was a good Scout, for he knew very well that now there was hope.

What could you tell from the sign of the curl of smoke?
This is what he knew by the sign:

1. That there was a fire.
2. That there was wood.
3. That there was water.

He knew that his leader had found an oasis in the desert; that vegetation (trees and plants) cannot grow without water; and that his master had lit this fire as a signal to him to come along if he were still alive.

He gathered together all the strength that remained, and, cheered by the thought that there was now a chance of life, he crawled on his hands and knees—for he was too weak to stand—until, late the following evening, he reached the oasis, and was greeted by his leader. Here there were a few trees, a tiny well of water, and the track of some caravans.

That was a case of "Slog on, slog on!" A Scout does not "give in"—he "keeps on keeping on."

It is just the same in Scouting games. When everything appears to be against you—when you feel certain you cannot win, when you feel like "chucking it"—that is just the time to "Slog on!"

"Hang on, keep going!" for it is generally when everything appears to be quite impossible that you spot a clear trail, if you keep your wits about you, and do not get in a panic.

Years ago everyone laughed at the idea of men being able to fly. "If we had been meant to fly we should have been born with wings," people said.

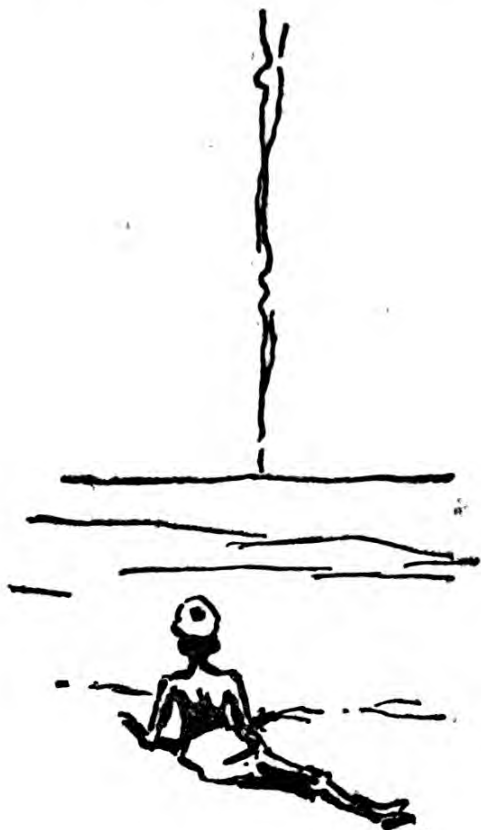
But the Wright Brothers did not "give up." They "slogged on!" And now no one takes much notice of an aeroplane—it is such a common sight to see one.

There are a good many people in England who do not yet realise the good of Scouting. But we must "Slog on, slog on!" We must show them the good of it. We must *do it—live it*. In the end everything comes right, if you "slog on" and "play the game" all the time.

I can remember the time when people laughed at the Scout in his shirt and shorts.

They couldn't see the good of it all. But now, most people will tell you "what a fine thing Scouting is—keeps 'em out of mischief!"

But still they do not see all the good. They do not quite



realise how we become healthy in mind and body by carrying out the Scout Law and the Scout games and exercises. They do not know why we go to camp, or what we do when we get there; they do not understand the value of the bare knees and the Scout's staff.

The best way to convince people is not to preach at them, but to help them. Therefore we must never neglect the daily "good turn," for by helping others we shall not only uphold the honour of our Great Brotherhood—we shall show people the good of Scouting.

They will realise that we are training ourselves to be strong, useful, clear-minded MEN.

After the war we must—

"Slog on, slog on!
The peace-pipe way!"

During the war we must help all we can.

I saw a jolly "good turn" the other morning on the Bakerloo Railway. In the carriage was a Patrol-leader sitting arm-in-arm with a man. I noticed this Scout talking to the man and telling him the name of each station we passed.

The man and the Scout got out at my station, and they walked arm-in-arm.

For a moment I wondered why the two should show such affection, and then, like a flash, I understood.

Of course, the man was blind.

I touched the Scout on the shoulder.

"Are you on duty?" I asked.

"Yes, sir!" he answered quickly.

"Good man!"

There was a practical proof of the good of Scouting. It was better than any sermon—no preaching or teaching, talking or jawing—could have made the other people see the wonderful Scout spirit at work.

That Scout was "slogging on."



TALK X

THE STORY-TELLER



MANY old Scouts and Patrol-leaders are taking up the training of Wolf Cub Packs. There is no method of teaching so valuable and so interesting to all boys as the ancient art of story-telling.

I propose to tell you something of this fascinating subject, which may be of use to you in teaching your Cubs.

My own way of telling a story is to sit cross-legged upon a reed mat, with the Pack squatting in a semi-circle on the ground in front of me.

The next point is what stories to tell. If you cannot invent them as you go along, you should "get them up" beforehand from books and commit the plot to memory—but spin the yarn in your own words in your own way.

Such books as *The Arabian Nights*, *Treasure Island*, *White Fang*, *The Jungle Book*, *Kim*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Song of Hiawatha*, *Last of the Mohicans*, and the books by Ernest Thompson Seton will all be found useful; and from them you may cull many incidents and tales to re-tell to your Cubs. In *Scouting for Boys* and *Lonecraft* you may also find interesting scraps upon which you can "build" your yarn.

How to tell it is the next point. I like to begin "Once upon a time——" It is an old-fashioned way of beginning a yarn, but you won't beat it. Those four words are full of magic—they arouse curiosity and wonder. You wonder what happened "Once upon a time——" It makes a mystery to begin on.

If, however, you wish to vary the way of "starting in," you could begin:

"It came to pass——"

Or "It happened this way——"

Or "A certain man——"

Or "There was once a——"

Or "Now this is the story of——"

Or "I will unfold the history of——"

There are many other sentences with which to arouse interest. The next thing is to *keep up the interest*. This may only be done by "leading up" to the climax—the plot. If you reveal the plot too soon all interest has departed. If you know the end of a yarn there is no interest in the beginning. Therefore always keep the plot "up your sleeve" and lead gradually up to it. Having once reached the climax—*never go on*. Finish the yarn by saying:

"—— And that is the end of the story."

Or "—— And so it all ended."

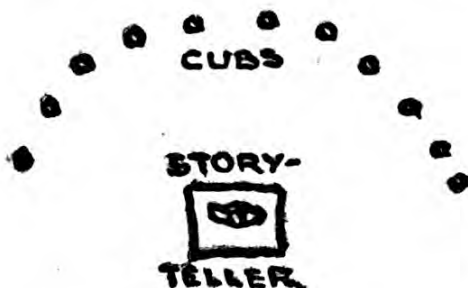
If you go on, it makes an anti-climax or double end, and again you spoil the story by dragging it out too long, and so lose power and interest.

If you find some difficulty in remembering the gist of the yarn, you might jot down on a small strip of paper the main points you wish to tell. For instance, in telling the story of "Mowgli of the Jungle" you would jot down:

"Mowgli the Frog—Man-Cub—Shere Khan—Tiger tries to eat him—Escapes to cave—Finds Father and Mother

Wolf and Cubs—Becomes a Wolf-cub—Council Rock—Runs with Seeonce Pack—Baloo, brown bear, teaches him Law of Jungle and calls . . .” and so on.

In time you will not find it necessary to write down the various points which lead up to the climax.



Always make a point of giving instances of good Scouting—finding the way, tracking, hiding, good turns, etc., and dwell upon this side of the yarn, so that you may impress Scouting ideas and show the importance of Scoutcraft to the Cubs.



If you come to a “full stop” and have to think what to say next, do not fill in the “gap” with “Er——” Let there be silence for a moment. No one will mind, and you

will find all eyes upon you, wondering what your next words will reveal.

The Eastern races are very good at story-telling, and they use this method of teaching in training their children—because they know very well that a boy will listen to an exciting story when he will not “swallow” a dry sermon preached at him.

Into the story they introduce all that they wish to teach the boy, and he remembers the yarn and its plot when he would forget a “pi-jaw” or “lecture.”

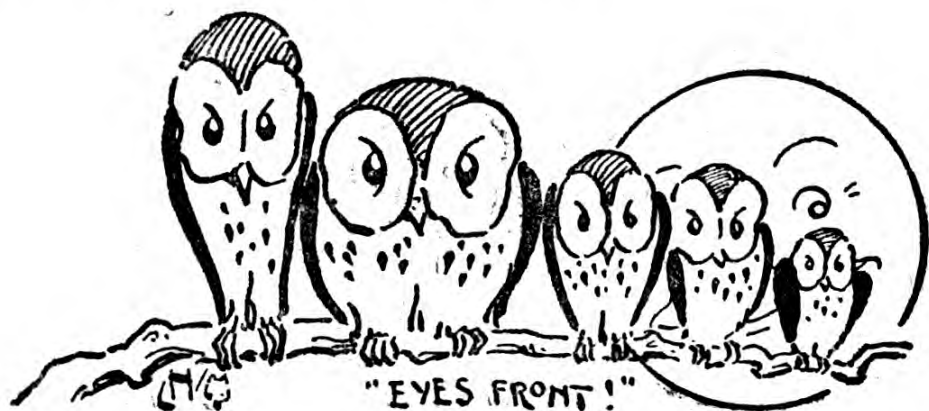
Thus, in story-telling you have an “open sesame” to the Cubs, through which you may implant all the moral teaching and discipline which is the basis of Scouting and Cubcraft. You should keep a notebook of ideas for “Cubby Yarns,” in which to jot down any incident you may come across in the books or papers you read. You should tell them adventure stories—true ones if you can—such as Captain Scott’s last Expedition.

Adventures among wild animals and savages always interest Cubs, and you will do well to make a list of such yarns.

In this way you will never be at a loss to know what to yarn about to the Pack.

You should “Be Prepared” to spin a yarn at any time, and if you always keep a notebook of this sort, you will always have plenty of ideas.

I should like to hear from some of you what yarns and stories you find your Cubs like best.





TALK XI

THE ART OF SKETCHCRAFT

"I CAN'T get it right," said the Patrol-leader as he scrubbed with an india-rubber on the paper.



HOW TO DRAW IN SIMPLE
OUTLINE

"No, you're trying to do too much—trying to finish the sketch before it's drawn." He had all the shadows shaded in, but the *outline* of the figure was wrong to start with. It's like building with bricks before you've drawn your plans and put up your scaffoldings. If you want to draw figures you must work from life and they must be naked figures.

The way to do that—if you can't get a boy to sit or stand for you as a model—is to strip yourself and stand before a long mirror and sketch your own body. You will learn much by doing this. But draw always in simple, open outline. It's the only way to learn figure-drawing.

Draw hands and legs, and necks and chests. Draw the parts of the body first. Then, when you have learned these parts by heart—have a shot at the full figure as a whole.

—And *do be cheerful* all the time.

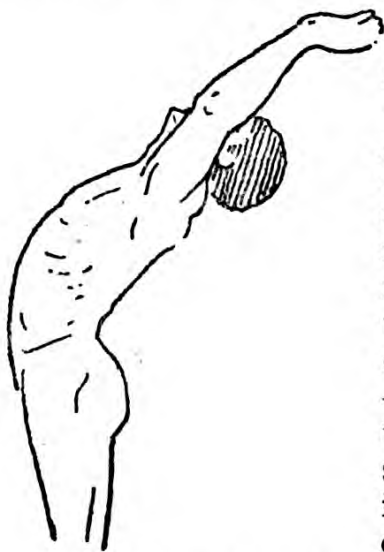
Don't get into a mind-panic if it goes wrong. Do it again—and again, and then once more—till you *do* get it right.

In your ambulance work you will have learned a certain amount of anatomy. You know where the clavicle or collar-bone should be, and the shoulder-blades, and the number of ribs, and how the pelvis is seen jutting out on each side at the hips, and how the patella or kneecap fits over the joint—all this will be useful to you in sketching the human form.



THE RIGHT KNEE

It is no use drawing figures with clothes on them until you can draw the nude figure. It would be like trying to draw the nude figure without the ghost of an idea of how the human skeleton is fitted together. Oh, and talking about skeletons—if you're going to do any good in figure work you must get away from the idea that the human skeleton is a hideous, gruesome thing. It isn't. The Great Spirit evolved all things—and He evolved man with a most magnificently constructed, beautifully poised, and wonderfully fret-worked frame. You must overcome any "horror" you may feel—if you don't you're no good for this work. The artist, like the surgeon, takes a great interest in skeletons—he sees the beauty of it all, and he is not "disgusted" by that which God, or



MAN STRETCHING BACK

the Great Spirit has made. To shudder when you see a skeleton is to be repulsed at the sight of *yourself*—and that is silly and unscoutlike.

Don't try to draw everything you see—every little high-light, every little shadow. Draw the big lines, the general outline of the figure, and put in the big outstanding muscles and bones only. You should have a sketch book, or a sketching-block for this work and do at least ten minutes' work in it every day. It's practice does it. No good just doing it now and then.



HUMAN
SKELETON
IN ELEVEN
LINES

People imagine the artist living a bed-of-roses life, drawing when he "feels like it," and doing "just what he pleases." That's all rot. I'm a professional artist and I know. It's hard "slogging" does it. Just as the Russian dancer has to keep on practising poses and positions and steps to keep in "good form"—so the artist has to keep on drawing, drawing, drawing every day; and I can tell you this, the professional artist has a far harder time of it than the average bricklayer or mechanic. He has not only to compete and keep in line with all the other artists, he has to be his own salesman. He doesn't have any pay-day—and the true, professional artist knows what it means to "go without"—even food.

But if he's any good at all—he slogs on.

TALK XII

MIND YOUR FACE!

QUEER things, faces, aren't they?

"Poor chap, he can't help it!" one so often hears. Of course there are some things a fellow cannot help, but there is a good deal he can help if he only knows how, and has enough determination to do it.

For instance, that vacant, mouth-left-open-by-mistake sort of expression. You know what I mean. It looks brainless and silly. The boy with that expression only needs to realise what an ass he appears, and he can quite easily make up his mind to alter it.

Then, again, there's that hang-dog, miserable, slouching expression (of course, Scouts never have it!); but if by any chance you should happen to let your "physog" drop into this bad habit, have a look in the mirror and laugh at it. It'll change. I can guarantee a change if you only laugh at your own dismal face in the glass.

There is another expression which you should avoid, and that is the high-and-mighty, top-dog, disdainful air—nose a-tilt and a sort of sneer on the mouth. That is "swank"—and it's silly.

That senseless grin of the giggle-all-day boy. Don't, whatever you do, allow that to develop on your own countenance. A Scout's smile lights up the whole face, but this giggly-grin is quite a different expression, and means nothing.

Beware, however, of looking too serious, as if all the troubles of the world rested upon your shoulders—they don't. Don't put on that expression "I know everything—follow me"—you don't.

I can hear you saying, "Well, this is all very well; but what are we to do with our faces?"

Above all—look natural. But if any of the foregoing expressions are natural to you, correct them now. Don't leave them there. They dry hard, like clay, and in later years you cannot "rub them out."

Keep your face calm and happy, and determined to "win through" everything.

But don't allow your face to do as it likes, otherwise you have lost control. You'd think it rather queer if your feet began to walk when you wanted to sit still, wouldn't you? It's the same with your face.

Keep it in order—and "under orders."

Mind your face! You *can* help a good deal in expression, any way. Go in for a course of "Smile Drill" before the mirror, and get your face right while there's still time to alter it.

If it is right, keep it right; don't allow temper or ridiculous mirth to make lines and creases all over it. Keep it composed, and calm, and happy, and Scout-like.

A Scout's smile is part of his costume. See to it that your costume is neat and clean and in order.

MIND YOUR FACE!



HANG-DOG



HIGH AND MIGHTY



THE GRIN



TOO SERIOUS



VACANT



NATURAL EXPRESSION

TALK XIII

THE SCHOOL OF THE WOODS

THIS is the most remarkable School in the whole world—The School of the Woods. There are thousands of lesson-books, but the teaching is mostly done in absolute silence! The books are made of moss, and bark, water and wind, branch and leaf, grass and rock, mud and sand—of sound, smell and taste, and they are the most difficult books to read. Each one must not only be learned by heart, but



remembered throughout life—and the punishment in this school for forgetfulness is—Death! The school motto is: "Do it—or Die!" The schoolroom is always different and always beautiful. The walls are trees and the floor grass, or pine needles, and the ceiling is sometimes blue sky and sometimes velvet black, with star patterns. The pupils who attend this school are birds, animals, insects, fish and reptiles—foxes, stoats, weazels, badgers, water-rats, moles, rabbits, hares, squirrels, etc.

The first lesson begins when the cub is very small, and the first lesson is—SILENCE. He must learn to walk with silent paw, and never to call out except to give the alarm signal to the tribe. Although only birds and beasts attend, you, too, may go to this school on one condition—that you

keep still and silent. You, too, may discover how fox calls to fox across the valley on a night-raid for food, and you, too, may learn the calls. You, too, may watch the animal-children learning the lesson; you, too, may see whiskers a-twitch and noses scenting the air, or the swoop of the hawk—you, too, may see the ghostly owl silently floating through the night, and hear the "tweek-tweek!" of the frightened field-mice in the grass. But to attend this school you have to pay—not money. You have to pay something far more valuable. You have to pay in patience, untiring patience, *and you must be alone*. Alone you must lie and wait and watch, with unblinking eyes and motionless body—and it is a great strain—for if you would learn in the School of the Woods, it may mean hours of lonely waiting in the undergrowth, or down among the reeds by the river.

He who would see the heron asleep with his beak under his arm, standing on one leg dreaming of fish, must first watch and wait, and then wait and watch.

You may visit the lair of the fox in the sand-pit and see the little fox-cubs playing leap-frog, and sleeping like little balls of fur in the cave-mouth—but you may only see and hear these things if you keep the laws of the wood-folk.

If you smell strongly of anything you will see nothing—for the noses of the woodland people are keen and always sniffing.

If the wind is blowing from you to them you will see nothing.

If you cannot tread silently, and crawl noiselessly over twigs and dead leaves you will see no sign. All these things may be called the Entrance Examination, before you are allowed to attend the School of the Woods. Having once learned these elementary lessons you may pass into the school and see, and hear and smell the lesson-books of woodland, hill and dale. But above all—if you fail in the test of *watching*—if you get "fed up" with it and "chuck it"—then you are doomed for ever to live knowing nothing of the School of Nature. You have failed in your Entrance Exam. : and you will never know the secrets of feather and fur, talon and tooth.

In this school you will learn the scents of the woods. You will be able to smell the pine scent in the larch-wood, the scent of soft moss and broken nettle-banks, the smell of the "sweated" fox across the dew on the grass in the early morning. You will know "by ear" the tiny flutter-noise of a bat-wing, and the call of grasshoppers in the meadow grass.

In this school you will learn how to wash away your own human scent by taking a bath and then rubbing yourself over with dock-leaves. You will learn how to hang in the branches like a monkey, and wait for the signs of life among the tree-tops.

There is no end to this school, and you can never learn all there is to learn, no matter how long you live.

In this school you must know the weather-signs of rain and wind, heat and storm, and know what the cloud-signs and the huddling together of cattle and sheep may mean.

You will not wear collars and cuffs and ties and boots when you attend this school. They are not allowed—because, in the School of the Woods they are quite useless. Indeed, any white clothing will frighten the wood folk away.

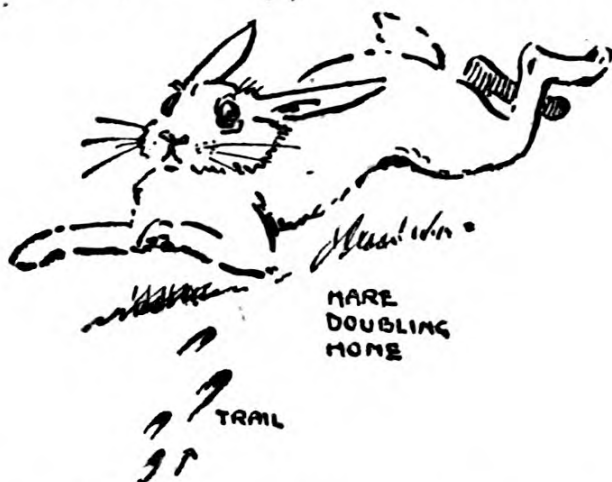
You will learn in time that you must never look animal or bird in the eyes. You must appear to be looking past them—but if you look them straight in the eyes they will bolt. It is not "the thing," according to woodcraft law, to look any animal full in the eye.

You will wear sandals, or moccasins or "sneaks" (i.e. rubber-soled shoes)—or, better still, go bare-foot.

You will wear shirt and shorts and the colouring of your clothes will be grey, and green and khaki—but never red, or white, or bright blue. Shoulder-knots fluttering are a danger signal throughout the woods—and you will never carry a white and red patrol-flag. You will remember, also, never to drop your staff with that well-known wooden



"clank!"—thereby proclaiming to all the world that a Boy Scout is near. And you must not under-estimate the woodland creatures. They are much better at woodcraft than we—and they know in a second when someone makes



a human sound—such as treading heavily, or coughing, or sneezing. The animal-cubs are taught early the meaning of Scent and Sound—especially *human* scent and sound.



If the training in the School of the Woods is difficult—if it requires a clear eye, a cunning tread and a sharp nose; if you have to practise waiting and watching for hours on end, alone—the lessons it teaches are worth while.

In no other school may you learn these things :

Silence ;	Patience ;
Cunning ;	Alertness.

And the art of keeping still.

There is only one prize in the School of the Woods—and this one prize is—*the Right to Live.*



Here you may see every bird and animal-cub trying hard to win that prize ; and there is but one method of winning it—he must make himself sure and silent-footed, quick of ear, cunning in hiding, a good runner, and a mighty hunter. If he fails to keep up to the standard of health, endurance and skill, the penalty is *death* ; and you may come upon the remains, now and then, of some unfortunate creature who has not been able to prove himself worthy—a few feathers, or fur, a drop or two of blood in the dead leaves are all that may be seen—a woodland tragedy.

There are no holidays in the School of the Woods—because it is one long holiday. There are no blackboards and chalk—but the lessons are imprinted in the mud of the lanes and by the river, for all to read—and if you would become a pupil you must learn to read. In this school there are no masters—you have to teach yourself everything by yourself.

But he who puts his name down as a candidate, generally remains a loyal member for the rest of his life—to the School of the Woods.

TALK XIV

FOOTPRINTCRAFT

SNOW is the great lesson-book of the tracker.

Even if you can't go out in the snow to learn tracking, you can "keep your peepers skinned" and jot down in your log-book the mud-prints and trails of men, animals and birds. Even in the heart of a city you can do it—and I wonder sometimes why Scouts—town Scouts—don't do more of this wonderful and most Scoutlike game—Footprintcraft. To begin with, you ought to know at a glance the difference between a woman's shoeprint and a man's (Fig. 1). Draw it in your notebook. Here is a track which is very frequent just now (Fig. 2) and do you know



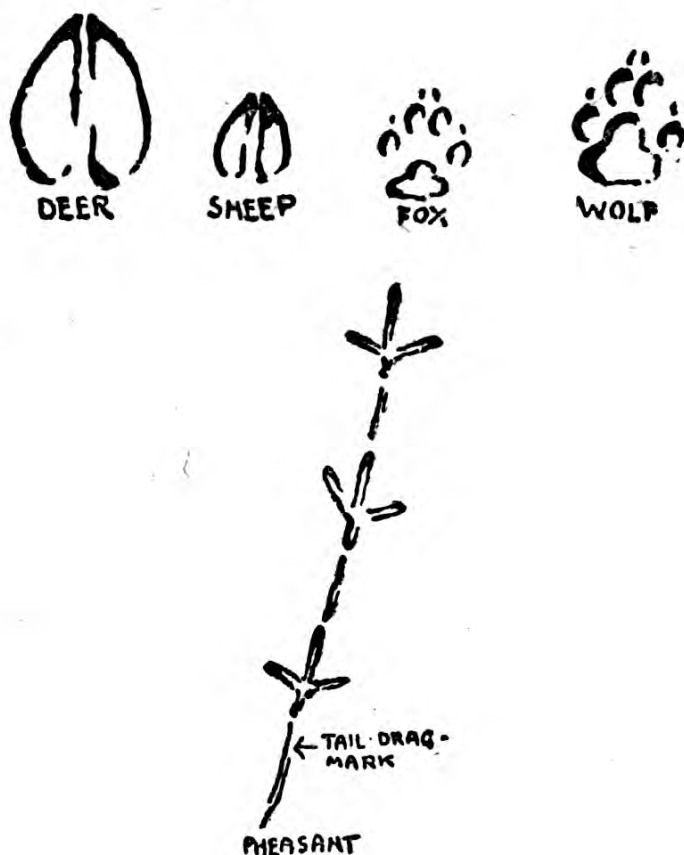
what it is? It is the track of a soldier on crutches who has probably lost his right leg. You notice how he only leaves the print of his left toe—the crutches hold him up and so he does not tread with his full weight.

In the country you may come across this queer trail (Fig. 3). What has happened? The trained Scout knows at a glance. A boy—probably a farm-boy—has rested here. He was carrying two pails, perhaps full of "swill" for the pigs—or milk from the cowsheds, or water from the cattle-trough. To find out exactly where he has come from the good Scout will "cast round" and follow the trail back. Also he will use his nose—for the milk may have

spilt and he may be able to smell it, or perhaps he may see it here and there. It is very seldom you see the track of a man like Fig. 4.

But you may come across it near the river-bank on a summer's day. Someone has been bathing.

Here is another rather remarkable track which you may see on any road (Fig. 5).



Could you read at a glance what had happened? If you are fully trained in Footprintcraft you can. A man has mounted his cycle. He got on by the step. With his right foot he "pushed off" several times before he got sufficient impetus to ride away. The footprints of his boot would be further apart but I have closed them up in the sketch to get them in.

Arabs have wonderful tracking-powers. They can pick out the track of one particular camel—say the one with the

white forehead—from a mass of other camel-trails in the sand which all look the same to the untrained eye. This comes from constant practice.



Fig. 3

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?



AND HERE?

Have you ever noticed that animals with the "cloven hoof" spread out their toes when they go up hill to get a firmer grip? (Fig. 6).

If you have ever come upon the track of a hare going home to his "form" and followed it up you may have been surprised to find that it comes to a sudden stop (Fig. 7).



Fig. 5



THE CLOVEN HOOF

If at the last track you drop your handkerchief and "cast round" in a circle you may come upon Mr. Hare's hiding-place.

He is as cunning as he is swift and he never runs straight home. He tears along, rushes past his hole, and then, with a sudden sideways leap, lands some yards away near his dug-out.

This is so that his trail may not lead straight to his

hiding-place, and in this way he puts his enemies "off the scent." He is a good scout.

I hope many of you will send me some of the tracks you have drawn in your notebooks. Then we can compare notes together and help each other in deciphering the more difficult trails.

The very name "Scout" seems to imply one who can find the way. How can a Scout find the way if he be not well versed in the ancient art of Footprintcraft?

What would you think of an Indian Chief—"Hollow-Horn Eagle"—who could not follow up a trail? He would



WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

not be worthy to rank with the meanest papoose of his tribe.

So with the Boy Scouts. Tracking and the skilful following up of a trail are part of the game. As Scouts, we play the game. Footprintcraft cannot be "swotted up" from books—you must go out and *do* it.

If, at the Sign of the Council Fire we can compare notes, and discuss the art of Footprintcraft together, we shall do much to become skilful trackers—but what of a tracker who has never "hit the trail"? He is like one giving orders for a trench raid who has never seen a trench!

"Book-learning" is good—but the Book of Nature is even better. The Book of Nature is always full of illustrations, always a mystery to be unravelled by using your wits; there is never a dull page, always something happening, and you never come to the end of it till you follow the Long, Long Trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds.





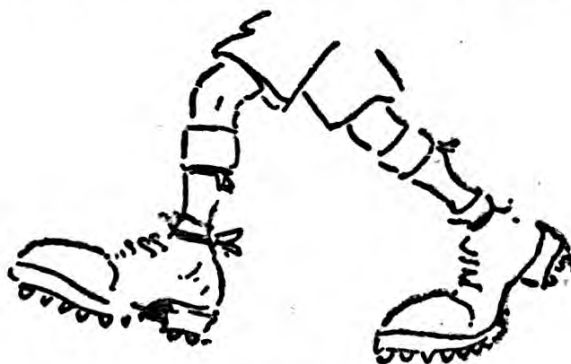
TALK XV

HIKE ALONG !

HIKE along !

It doesn't matter much *where* you go—it's the going that counts.

In these days, when most of us are doing some kind of War Service, there is not much time for a long tramp. But



"TENDERFEET !"

as a rest from indoor work, in school, workshop or office, you won't beat the "hike."

Hike along !

You can carry all you want for a day and night hike (returning the next morning) on your back. You will roll your blanket in a ground-sheet and strap it bandolier fashion over the right shoulder and under the left arm.

Your haversack will contain billy-can and food, tooth-brush, string, matches, three or four small pieces of dry wood for fire-lighting, soap, towel and hair-comb. Your water-bottle will contain *water*. On no account put in ginger-beer, or any kind of lemonade-powder. Water is the only liquid which really quenches a "hike-thirst." I speak from experience—in the Dardanelles.

Boots if you're used to them—but never new boots ; I prefer shoes myself—they give the instep and ankles more freedom. Don't have heavily-nailed boots or shoes. They tire you out unnecessarily.

Bare knees for "hiking" always. Never breeches or puttees. Puttees are bad for the circulation—especially for boys.

The way you walk counts. Hold yourself upright, but not stiffly. Get into a long, comfortable stride from the



WHAT MORE D'YOU WANT?

hip. Bend the knees as little as possible. Lean a little forward—but always keep the shoulders back so that the chest and lungs can expand fully. Breathe through the nose—out through the mouth if you like. Don't eat sweets as you go, and don't drink from your water-bottle till the day's march is over, except at meal-times, when you should allow at least half an hour's rest before you go on again. Drinking little sips "on the march" spoils the wind.

Take a map along and use it. Don't ask the way. Find it. Watch the sun as it moves towards the west, and note any change of wind.

Know the direction you "set out" upon and note when you make a turn in any other.

If on a country road walk in the centre ; it is much less tiring than at the side where one leg is always on a different level from the other owing to the slight slope.

Keep your eyes off the ground. Look right ahead. If you are walking in twos or threes don't "jaw" all the way. The mossback-tramper has little to say on the trail. It's



READY FOR THE HIKE

a waste of breath unless it's something important.

See all there is to see. Watch things and people as you go.

Hike along!

Sleep where you can when night falls. Get permission to use a barn or shed of some sort if it is pouring with rain—or go to the local Scouts' Clubroom where you are sure of a welcome as a Brother Scout.

If it is a fine starlit night sleep out rolled in your blanket on your ground-sheet.

On a common you can generally find a dell with gorse bushes to shield you from the winds.

Beware of lighting fires on a dry summer's evening. It is very dangerous and may do a great deal of damage. Small fires only when you do, and replace the sod, and leave the place clean and neat and Scoutlike when you resume your "hike" next morning. You will learn more of nature—and human nature—as you tramp along the broad highway than you'll ever learn indoors, or from books.

Pack your kit now, and—

Hike along!

TALK XVI

"NOT SO DUSTY!"

THAT's just it. Scouting is—not so *dusty*. Not so dusty as the workshop, or the mill, or the office—is it?

No—it's *not* so dusty. That's the beauty of it. To get off for the week-end with the "Eagle Patrol" for a cycle-camp among the yellow gorse and the grey rocks of "Dartymoor" is—"not so dusty." Not so dusty as sitting, flickering away your "eagle" eyesight in a dusty picture-palace, for instance. For the dust of the wayside is nothing like so injurious as the dust of stuffy rooms.

Even the dusty roads in summer are "not so dusty" to the boy who has been shut up in a dusty, fusty warehouse all the week!

It is to get away from dust—consumption-breeding dust, germ-carrying dust—that we go Scouting.

Because Scouting—is *not so dusty*.

You see sunshine kills germs. Germs live in dust—and dust lives in corners and cracks in offices and rooms. The ultra-violet ray in sunlight kills germs. Therefore, get as much sunlight into you as possible.

Therefore SCOUT! Keep on Scouting! Because Scouting is—not so dusty. Scouting takes place out of doors in the sunlight, and that's the *reason why* it's *not so dusty*. Scouts breathe *through the nose*—because that way of breathing is not so dusty.

So you see the Scout has the pull on the ordinary boy—*because* he's not so dusty!



NOT SO DUSTY

The Scout wears shorts—not insaniary trousers—because shorts allow the fresh air and sunlight to play on his body;—so shorts are not so dusty after all. He rolls up his sleeves and gets sunburnt arms. He gets a morning dip and a swim in cold water. He dries himself naked in the sunshine. And it's because he does these things that —*he's not so dusty* as the boy who isn't a Scout.

So you see Scouting really is —NOT SO DUSTY!

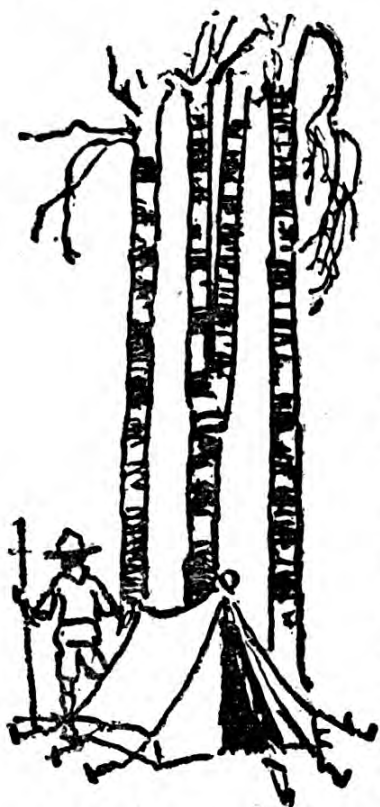
Then again, green grass is not dusty, no more is the blue sky —and it's on the green grass under the blue sky that Scouts scout. Not so dusty, eh?

At night time we don't sleep on a mattress—a heather or a bracken-bed is not so dusty.

For us there is no white-washed ceiling overhead—the star-lit night-time sky is *not so dusty*.

Dust to dust!—Sunlight to sunlight! He that hath sense to scout—*let him scout!*—while the sunshine gleams among the birches.

The old world lived in dust—but this is the Outdoor Way and it's—NOT SO DUSTY!



THE SUNLIGHT GLEAMS
AMONG THE BIRCHES

TALK XVII

I DON'T THINK!

WELL, you jolly well should !

Thoughtlessness is half the trouble in this world. The Hindoos have brought the art of meditation to a wonderful pitch of perfection. Thinking is an art—and it is certainly a most important part of Scoutcraft. Lots of people think quite wrongly. They get into a sort of dismal rut of thought. Things are wonderful—everything is wonderful ; see the wonder of it all, and *think* about it—about the stars, the sun and moon, about trees, and leaves, and roots, and bark, and moss, and dew, and sunshine, and the rainbow.

Think—think about these things ; they are worth thinking about, for Gitchie Manitou—the Great Mystery—is in everything. In the moonlight, and the ripple in the river, in the stones by the wayside and in the dust in the road. The Great Spirit is in all things—in your limbs, in your thoughts. You breathe air which is all part of that Great Life which we call “ God ” ; and in your thoughts you should feel glad to be alive—to be part of this wonderful world, throbbing with vitality and health. If your thoughts are calm and happy you will overcome all difficulties. Before a person starts rushing madly about when in danger—it is the *brain* which gets that panic first. Some people often have thought-panic. Be calm, and cheerful, and “ carry on.” Keep a balance. Don’t allow yourself to get hysterically excited by excessive joyfulness or dismal sadness. Take everything as part of the Great Game of Life.

All things to you—as a Scout—must be carefully and quickly considered before you act, and this means that you must first train your mind—TO THINK !

They don’t teach you *how* to think in school. It is a difficult thing to teach. But you can teach yourself. Once obtain complete control of your mind—and your body will obey all orders.

You mustn't let anything "play on your mind"—let your mind "play" on a certain subject—that is quite different. It would be like a piano which started to play on its own account! Until *you* choose to play the notes it should remain placid and peaceful. But don't be *afraid* to think. "I daren't even think about it"—people say. That is weak. A Scout will consider what is to be done even when the subject may be most unpleasant and he would rather think of something else. A Scout has thought-control.

The brain of the monkey is all higgledy-piggledy. His mind thinks things without knowing it! Thoughts just come scrambling along, head-over-heels, jostling each other, without sense or meaning. There are human beings whose thoughts are not much better. But the Scout knows that upon thought—quick, correct thought all action must depend. If he does not use his brain quickly and correctly what he *does* will not be right. He will be too late—or he will do the wrong thing—because *he didn't think*.

It is a matter of training the mind—just as you would train the body. You should go in for a course of thought-exercise just as you do bodily exercise. There are lots of things to think about. For instance: Why does the flapping of a bird's wings keep it in the air? How did prehistoric man first come to think? Why is camping out jolly good sport? How did books first evolve and from what? Why are there any slums in our cities? What is the Scout Movement for? Why are some people strong and others weak? What is colour? Why do I like going to a picture-palace? Why should consumptive people live out of doors? Is money happiness? Why do I like books of adventure?—How did fossil shells get into rocks? How was it the Red Indians and Zulus had very few sick people, and what made them strong? How long could I live if all the shops closed, all the railways stopped, and all houses were ruined?

There are thousands of things to think about. Think about them. Find out all about things, and why they happen and what might happen—all this is thought control and it is education of the most useful kind. The man who thinks and who has a strong body wins the day.

THINK—HARD!

TALK XVIII

WOODCRAFT IN WARTIME

HOW TO SEE ALL THERE IS TO BE SEEN IN THE COUNTRY

PERHAPS you didn't think the naturalist could be of much use in wartime.

Woodcraft, however, is really very important ; and Scouts have now a chance of showing the usefulness of having an "all round experience" of woodcraft ; a knowledge of tracking, stalking, of birds and animals, trees, and plants.

"One pair of trained eyes is as good as a dozen pairs untrained," says the Chief Scout.

To become a good woodcraft Scout you must have trained yourself in :

Pluck, endurance, and self-reliance.

Finding your way in a strange country.

Using your eyes, ears, and nose.

Keeping yourself hidden.

Tracking.

Getting across country without being seen.

Taking care of yourself by yourself.

Sketching and reporting information.

The Chief Scout gives a very good example of the use of woodcraft in war :

"I was once acting as scout for a party in a desert country where we were getting done up from want of water. I had gone out two or three miles ahead to where I thought the ground seemed to slope slightly downwards, but except for a shallow dry watercourse, there was no sign of water.

"As I was making my way slowly back again I noticed a scratching in the sand, evidently made by a buck, and the

sand thrown up was of a darker colour, therefore damper than that on the surface.

"I dismounted and scooped up more with my hands, and found the under-soil quite moist, so water was evidently near and could probably be got by digging. But at that moment two pigeons sprang up and flew away from under a rock near by; full of hope, I went to the spot and found there a small pool of water, which yielded sufficient for the immediate requirements of the party.

"Had I not noticed the buck-scratching, or the pigeons flying up, we should have had a painful toil of many miles more before we struck on the river which we eventually did come to." (*Aids to Scouting*, p. 34.)

In stalking animals you know how important it is to "lie low and say nuffin'." It is just the same when you are stalking an enemy.

If you notice a stone or stick on the horizon, give a glance at it now and then. If you find that the stone has disappeared you know at once that you are being watched. Animals are extraordinarily good at this sort of scouting.

Then again, if you find an oak leaf when you know there are no oak-trees near, it may be a sign. But a person who is no good at woodcraft would not notice it.

Wild duck suddenly flying up and quacking from a pond or river will give you the alarm, and you may be sure someone has disturbed them. Water-fowl flying out from reeds in the same way gives you the "tip" to be on the alert—someone is moving about not far away.

I remember once being captured by one of my own Scouts in a scouting game. I had crawled up behind him and was hidden by a thick hedge. But in getting there I had frightened a thrush, which flew out, giving an alarm cry. From the direction of the bird's flight, the Scout deduced where I was concealed and I was taken.

You see how useful such a knowledge of bird cries and of noticing small signs would be in real warfare. It might be the means of capturing a dispatch-rider with important documents. At Gallipoli scoutcraft of this kind saved my life time and time again. (See *At Suvla Bay*, Constable and Co.)

USE YOUR NOSE

At night you must use your nose. You must be able to tell the smell of a wood fire from the smell of a weed fire. The one may be a camp, or patrol-cooking fire, and therefore useful information; the other just some allotment rubbish-heap fire.

When looking for a road in the dark, take up and smell a handful of earth to tell if it is clean earth or soiled with the droppings of animals passing along the road.

Practise night-tracking by feeling with bare feet. Brunham, the American scout, made his way by night back to the main body when Wilson's party were massacred on the Shangani in Matabeleland, by feeling his way along the track made by the party in the morning.

Go out at night and practise listening for sounds and finding out their meaning.

The Chief Scout says :

"You will thus find yourself relying on your hearing, which, although it is the common-sense way to get information, is very generally neglected by us from want of practice in peace time."

TALK XIX

"WHITE FOX" ON THE WARPATH

With the Royal Army Medical Corps

IRELAND, 1914.

BROTHER SCOUTS,

"Haow!" May your shadows increase; may the smoke from your wigwams curl above the tree-tops!

Here are we—the "Pale Face Medicine Men," training ourselves to carry stretchers, to bandage wounds, to put on splints, and to keep smiling.

In the old days the Red Indian medicine man also went into the battle with the warriors of the tribe. He learnt the use of healing herbs just as we are learning the using of zinc

ointment and boric lint; he took with him his drum and his bone drum sticks just as we take a cheerful face and a smile and a whistle to encourage us to help the wounded; he carried his magic medicine bag just as our field doctors carry their surgical instruments in their surgical haversacks.

Here in Kitchener's New Army you may see every type of face and every type of character from the old soldier to the coal-miner and chemist's assistant.

Every day we are doing stretcher drill, carrying wounded by fireman's lift, miner's lift, and various other methods.



R.A.M.C. METHOD OF LIFTING A WOUNDED MAN. BEARER PLACES BOTH HANDS BEHIND BACK (BACK OF ONE HAND IN PALM OF THE OTHER AND FINGERS TILTED UPWARDS) TO FORM A SEAT FOR PATIENT. VERY HEAVY PEOPLE MAY BE COMFORTABLY CARRIED IN THIS WAY

There is one way of lifting a wounded man which I had never seen before, and which is very simple and very useful, and which all Scouts should know. (See illustration.)

I am giving you the R.A.M.C. bugle call. The words to it are: "Bandages, Splints, and Cod-liver Oil!" It is sounded before every call.

We had practice the other day in making improvised shelters and bivouacs for wounded on the field. We had to cut poles from the hedges and construct rough tents of blankets, ground sheets or coats. We made improvised stretchers with coats just as you do in the Scouts, and we made wind-screens by tipping the stretchers on one side



R.A.M.C. CALL. "BANDAGES, SPLINTS, AND COD LIVER OIL"

and bracing them up with wooden pegs with the shoulder-slings as ropes. (See sketch.)

I called in at the Clubroom of the 1st Limerick Troop the other evening, and watched them learning map-reading and map-making. They also showed themselves very smart at drill and figure marching.

I suppose I'm rather big to go about in shirt, shorts, and a Scout hat, and the people of Ireland get a good deal of amusement when I get out of barracks.

"'Ere comes the Coo-boy!"

"Coo-boy!"

"See, Pathrick, it's a coo-boy for sure, indade it is!"

Scout kit is by far the most comfortable and useful kit to be had; so I don't mind being laughed at just because it's picturesque.

We have great sport on route-marches when marching "at ease."

Someone shouts out: "Are we down-hearted?"

Chorus of shouts: "No!"

"Are we tired yet?"

"No!"

"Do we want some dinner?"

" Yes-s-s ! "

" Do we like getting up in the morning ? "

" No ! "

" Is the 32nd the best Field Ambulance ? "

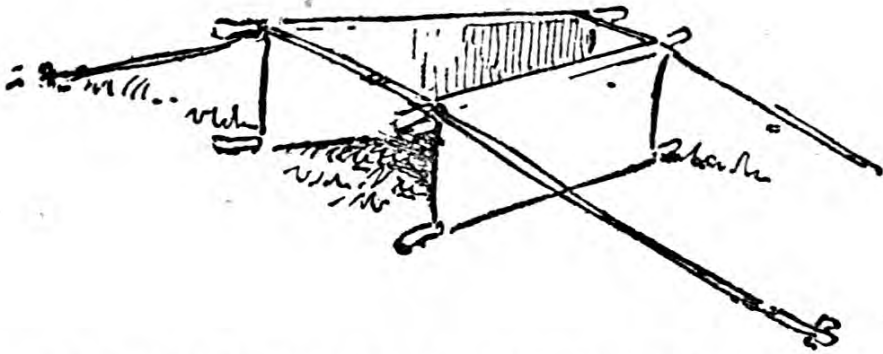
" Y-e-e-s-s-s ! "

" Are the other Field Ambulances a washout ? "

" Y-e-s-s ! "

And then someone pipes up :

" It's a long way to Tipperary ! "



WIND SCREEN FOR WOUNDED MADE WITH TWO STRETCHERS AND SLINGS. THIS MIGHT BE USEFUL FOR AMBULANCE PATROLS

On the whole we are having a good time. I expect most of you have lost your Scoutmaster owing to nearly all enlisting in the New Army. Don't get slack just because of that. Keep on keeping on.

Good luck to you all,

Yours most Scoutingly,

WHITE FOX.

TALK XX



A SHORT ACCOUNT OF LIFE IN THE FIRING LINE

IN THE FIRING LINE,
MED. EXP. FORCE, R.A.M.C.

August 26, 1915.

DEAR BROTHER SCOUTS,

I am writing this to you under Turkish shell-fire from the hills. All yesterday there was a heavy bombardment by us, and a fierce battle raged all night. In the moonlight, which glistened in the sea and lit up the rocks and thickets in a pale fairy light, I watched the flash of heavy artillery and the sparkle of rifle fire in the gully along the ridge.

The country here on the Gallipoli Peninsula is very rugged and good for scouting. Too good, in fact—I have

already been potted at on several occasions by Turkish snipers, but so far have been lucky.

Our Indian Troops in their "Arabian Nighty" uniforms go in and out, and up and up the hills to the firing line with their long strings of "follow-my-leader" mule trains.

Strapped to the mules on either side are boxes of hard biscuits, bully-beef, and canvas bags filled with water for the men fighting in the hills. Some of these men from the Indian hills are fine-looking Scouts. The country is covered with scrub and great boulders, so it is good for hiding and sniping. The Turks often use the old scouting trick of covering themselves with pieces of bushes.

Every plant here has either prickly leaves, or long thorns, spiky stalks, or needle-pointed shoots. There are huge dead thistles standing three or four feet in the dead yellow grass.

We have been under shell-fire for a fortnight, and I have made drawings from "nature" of the explosion of every different type of Turkish shell—from their cracking shrapnel, with its hail of hot iron and whiff of pale blue smoke, to the terrific thunder-clap of the high-explosives, which plough a huge hole in the earth and throw out a belching black and khaki cloud.

We go up for wounded with our stretcher-squads to the first line of fire in the hills where the bullets sing and whistle and ping—but the sights I have seen during the last few days are too awful to bear description.

This is the seamy side of war—and it is too gruesome to dwell upon.

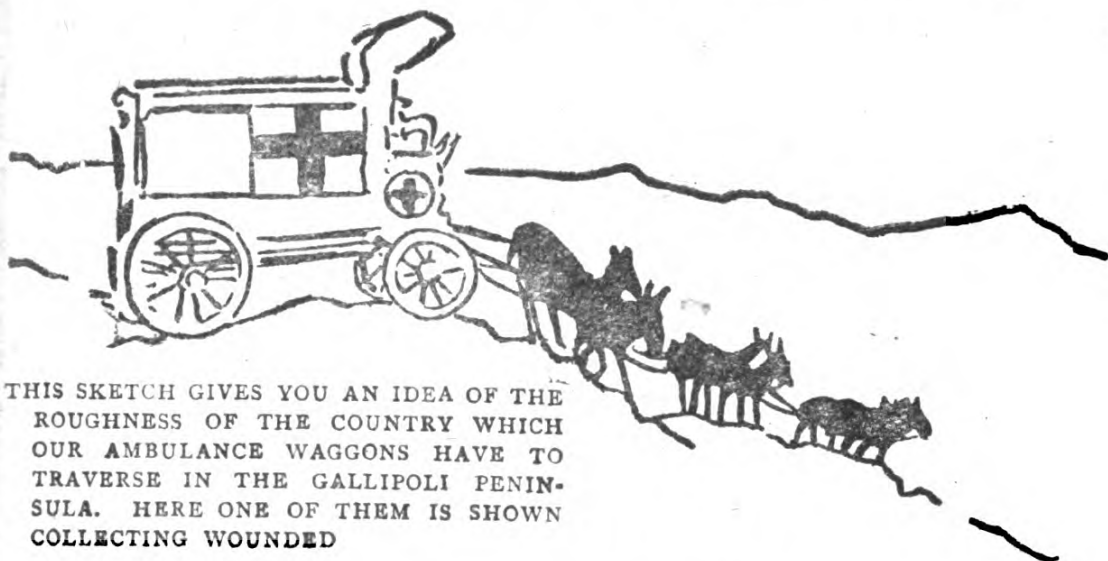
In the old watercourse in which I lived for over a week there was Brother Tortoise—Percy his name was—who always crept into the shadow of a huge rock near by, and was perfectly cool and calm under his shell amid the hottest shell-fire from the Turkish batteries in the hill.

I expect you are now in camp in Merry England. Before long I hope we shall have finished the camping out here, and that I shall be able to return to my work at the office of the SCOUT.

Good luck to you all,

Yours most scoutingly,

JOHN HARGRAVE.



THIS SKETCH GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF THE ROUGHNESS OF THE COUNTRY WHICH OUR AMBULANCE WAGGONS HAVE TO TRAVERSE IN THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA. HERE ONE OF THEM IS SHOWN COLLECTING WOUNDED

FIGHTING ZONE, GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.
September 15th, 1915.

DEAR BROTHER SCOUTS,

I'm writing you this from the shell-swept district of a new landing made by the 10th Division. We are bivouacked near the sandy shores of a tiny bay. The blue and green waves of the Ægean Sea lap-lap along the beach. These are the waters where long ago the "Heroes" did brave deeds, made wonderful voyages in the good ship *Argo*, went in quest of the Golden Fleece, got stranded upon sun-scorched sands, and heard the "Syrens'" wailing music.

But now the only sounds you hear are the crashing of heavy-explosive shells, the crack of shrapnel bursting over the Indian mule transports, and the rattle and crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire. Sometimes there is a quiet day, with perhaps only a shell or two whistling overhead in the morning.

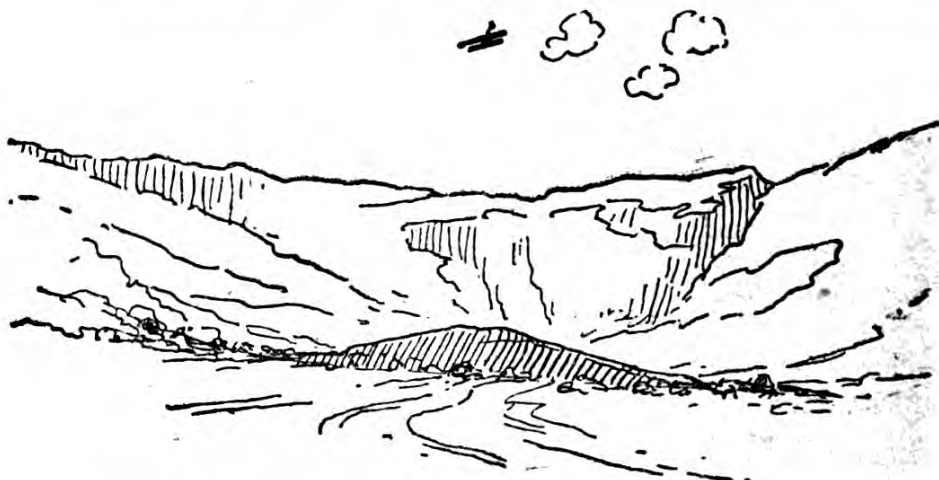
We generally have a "dig in" on Sunday. The Turkish mountain batteries hidden in the hills boom and rumble with a deep, hollow sound. Our battleships crash forth metal in reply with terrific report.

The sights we have seen during the first days of our landing on this barren land are too awful to describe. Wounded men came through in stretcher-load after stretcher-load.

You Ambulance Scouts would have been very useful

to us. But the carrying of fourteen and sixteen-stone men out of the bullet-swept trenches to the dressing station—a distance of three miles or more—racked the backs and muscles of our men until at last they broke down in health one after another.

The sketch of an enemy aeroplane below may be of interest to you. This happens almost every day. The outline shows you the type of country we are fighting through. There are just a few spiky, stumpy trees and prickly bushes. The foreground with the tracks of the ambulance waggons is silver sand, and in the wet season becomes a small salt lake.



A GERMAN TAUBE FLYING OVER THE MOUNTAINS TOWARDS THE TURKISH POSITION AFTER SCOUTING OVER THE BRITISH LINES. THE PUFFS OF SMOKE ARE BURSTING SHRAPNEL FROM OUR BATTLESHIPS

As I write this a bombardment is taking place on our left flank, the field artillery guns cracking every now and then from their hiding-places in the hills.

We have had several cases of the sand-fly fever. The flies torment us all day—smells of all kinds rise up by night.

The sand is everywhere, in everything, through everything, on everything. Sand in our eyes, noses, and ears; sand in our boots, in our clothes, and powdered on our faces.

I hope to see you all again, before long—perhaps; if we're very lucky, we may get back for Christmas.

Yours most scoutingly,

JOHN HARGRAVE.

TALK XXI

A SCOUT IN SALONIKA

BEHIND Salonika the mountains of the Greco-Serbian frontier rise ridge upon ridge. In some places these hills are capped with snow. The lower slopes are green, or there are patches of dark forest where the picturesque charcoal-burners live a true Scout life.

The shepherds are a fine, sturdy class, with brown weather-beaten faces. They wear a cloak and an embroidered waistcoat—a shirt and belt—huge baggy trousers, cross-bound straps round the legs, and a fur cap. They generally carry a rough staff or a crook.

As a rule, they have a large dog of the wolf-hound type—very wild and savage—which they use in guarding their flocks of sheep and goats.

In England you generally see the shepherd driving his sheep—but in Greece the shepherd walks at the head of his flock and plays a wooden pipe—the sheep follow.

Salonika itself lies along the harbour, and stretches right round and down to the water's edge in a great semicircle.

From the harbour you see it very low-lying with the hills rising at the back. There are hundreds of spires, and minarets and towers like white needles sticking up. The houses are all flat-roofed, and all have wooden shutters to the windows, which have no glass in them.

The city itself is a maze of narrow streets and bazaars. There is one street near the fish market where they sell nothing but grapes. The grapes are in large wicker "skips," and are piled high. Grapes roll about the cobbled roadway and squash under your feet!

The people are a mixture of Greek, Jew, Turk, Serb, German, French, Armenian, and fisher-folk from the Grecian Islands.

The narrow streets wind in and out and it becomes very difficult for a stranger to find his way. Often I found myself coming back into the same street again. Here, as in Egypt, you find the mule and the Asiatic ass loaded up with bales and panniers with, perhaps, a veiled woman goading it on with a stick.

The boys go fishing on their own and run about the streets with half a dozen young fishes strung up on a willow-withy.



GREEK SHEPHERD



GREEK SERGEANT

The money runs in "Drachmas"—one drachma equals about tenpence.

As in all Eastern cities there is much colour and dirt and muddle. Here you will see a shop where they sell little pastries floating in sugar and water, or fried in fat. Every kind of food is greasy and has been soaked in oil. Everywhere you smell the smell of olive oil and burning grease.

The Greek army was fully mobilised when I was in Salonika, so I had a good opportunity of studying their uniform and customs.

You would mistake a sergeant of the Greek army for a field-marshal in this country!

He wears a light chocolate-coloured uniform, brass buttons, white collar, white cuffs; a long, shining sword-scabbard with coloured tassels swinging at his side; kid gloves, and a twirled, black moustache—and this is the mobilisation kit!

Down "Turkey-town" (a certain quarter of Salonika) you may see the old Jewish dealers bartering and haggling over their goods—cheap jewellery from Birmingham, silk mats, and all kinds of Oriental-looking wares, pots, jugs, pitchers, curtains embroidered in red, purple, green, blue, and gold. Quite an Arabian Nights atmosphere in this part of the city.

Here, too, were the famous Greek Guards from Athens in their white pleated skirts like ballet-dancers, white tights, black skull cap with tassels, and black pom-poms on their pointed, turned-up shoes. A very hardy race of mountain-fighters these—none of them very big men, but all looking very fit. French troops were pouring into the city every day with their blue greatcoats and postmen's hats.

The Serbian winter came blowing over the mountains—hail and rain. The mud was fearful. The main road was ruined owing to the continual traffic of heavy guns and motor-lorries going up to the frontier.

Great ravines or gullies run down from the mountains, and if you venture across country at night you have to be very careful not to step over the steep sides of these fissures. They looked as if they might be splits due to earthquakes—but I rather think they are water-worn.

You could see the cavalry scouts going along the top of the mountains like a little bunch of flies on the sky-line.

We were so eager to get bread after so many months of biscuit that I paid as much as one-and-six for a brown loaf of coarse rye-bread. It was gritty and tasteless—but we were glad to get it—and thought it a great luxury!

We could have done with several of you Scouts to bake us some decent bread while we were out on duty.

At night it was very cold—and we felt it all the more coming from the heat of Suvla Bay.

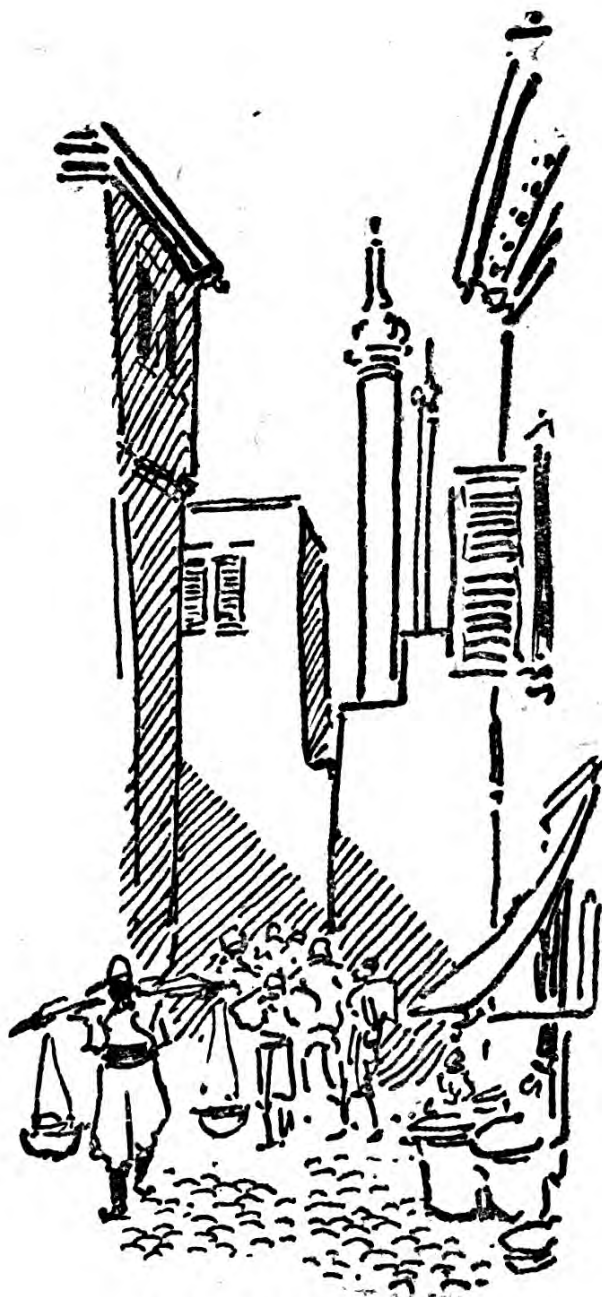
Bullock-carts rumbled and creaked slowly along the roads to and from the city, the wheels being solid chunks of wood with wooden pins through the wooden axle-tree.

A heavy wooden yoke fitted on to the necks of the bullocks, which trudged with lowered heads and gentle eyes.

Troops of beggars and gypsies selling bread and cakes and cigarettes trailed along the side-walks—very dirty but very strong-looking, wearing rags and jingling ornaments and perhaps driving a little donkey before them with the "old man" astride it.

Down by the docks were queer figures of Greek fishermen; and here, too, were many ships—brown-sailed smacks, dirty tramps, and coaling boats, smart little pinnaces from the British battleships, triangular-sailed skiffs, and lumbering lighters bringing provisions and men ashore.

Hospital ships lay out in the harbour—they looked splendid at night all lit up with green and red electric lights.



STREET SCENE, SALONIKA

TALK XXII

THE SNIPER-SCOUT

THE old, old trick of using branches as a "bush" in disguise was used over and over again by the Turks. I have just returned from the Dardanelles, so I think you will like to hear something of the Turkish snipers at Anzac and Suvla Bay.



SOME TRICKS IN DISGUISE WHICH THE TURKS
PLAYED IN THE DARDANELLES

In the first place, these snipers were all picked men. All picked for their daring, hardihood, cunning, and good marksmanship. They were "crack shots" every one. Often they were well-educated men who could speak English or French as well as Arabic.

They were men who could be relied upon to take notice of every little sign, every track, every call, and who could

look after themselves; who could go without food and water without becoming weak.

Above all, these men had eagle-sight. They could spot the glitter of a rifle-barrel, or the top of a periscope from a great distance.

The Turkish sniper was a jolly good scout. He carried his rifle (often a British make) and had his store of food and thousands of rounds of ammunition hidden away in his "lair." His lair might be a ledge of rock, or a cave, or a hollow tree. Here, too, he kept a stock of Turkish tobacco and a change of clothes.



THE SACK IN THE FOREGROUND CONCEALED A SNIPER WHO WAS A DANGEROUS ENEMY UNTIL HIS WHEREABOUTS WAS DISCOVERED

From what I could deduce they appeared to wear a great many clothes. Two or three loose shirts, a thick German-made, padded body-belt round the waist, huge baggy trousers, puttees, and boots. Generally the red "fez" cap on the head.

Some had khaki clothes. Others were in striped parti-coloured vests such as you might expect to see in a drawing of Sinbad or Ali Baba.

On the lower slopes of the Kapanja Sirt, the steep ridge of mountain-range which runs along the left flank of Suvla Bay, I found the remains of a Turkish sniper, including his haversack, body-belt, a change of shirt, ammunition for a Turkish rifle, a leather pouch, and some biscuits—very "hard tack."



UP A TREE! OUTPOST OBSERVER

Mostly, they work in twos, but *not together*. That is to say, they would pick on a trail upon which the British were sure to advance to the trenches. One sniper would take one point and the other a point farther on. Both would lie hidden and both would "work" this trail every day—killing at least one man per day at precisely the same spot.

A well, where the British went down for a supply of drinking or washing water, was always a favourite place for snipers, and they used to pick off and "plug" from two to three or more men per day.



SNIPER HIDDEN UNDER A BIG ROCK

Just as the Red Indian collected the scalp-locks of his enemies, so the Turkish sniper collected the identification discs which all British soldiers wear round their necks; and for each disc the sniper was paid so much.

One woman sniper who was taken prisoner had as many as thirty or forty of these discs, all taken from the Tommies she had "potted."

A very clever trick was played by one Turk. He noticed there were a lot of old sacks lying about in front of our trenches. One night he hid himself in a sack and lay still all day. Every now and then he would "plug" the men coming up to relieve the outposts.

No one could discover where the shots came from till one day a man of the ——— Regiment coming up on duty noticed the sack move and fired into it. He sniped the sniper sniping in the sack. That sniper got the sack altogether!

TALK XXIII

SIGN AND SYMBOL

SIGN and Symbol have played a great part in the history of the development of mankind from primitive ages.

You must not think that we have reached a stage where Sign and Symbol are not necessary.

In your buttonhole you wear the Sign and Symbol of Scouthood—and in church and chapel the Cross is the Symbol of Christianity. Not that it is necessary to worship the Symbol of anything—but we worship that which the Symbol represents. The Symbol is there to remind us of the Unseen Power of Good—the Life, the Force, which is in all things.

The earliest Symbol for “worship” was the sign of a man’s arms flung upwards towards heaven—later on it became a fixed sign—elbows bent and the fore-arms held up, palms outstretched.

Fig. II., for instance, is a Symbol which can be read upwards in this way :

“ WORSHIP,
FOR EVER,
LIFE,

That we may attain—POWER.”

Here you see the sign for “worship”—the “Circle of Eternity” (for ever and ever), the “Key of Life” (sycamore winged-seed), and the “Horns of Power.” (See Fig. I.)

The sign of the “Horns” has stood for “Power” in all ages and in all countries. The sign evolved from the horns of the Bull—because the Bull was so strong.

This Symbol stands for Scouting and the clean, open-air life of the Scout. By this Symbol we are reminded that we must not try to go against Nature—that the life which is within us is all part of the One Great Power—The Great Mystery. This is the Symbol which I use on my Camp

Totem Pole that I may never forget that Life is Life and can never be substituted by an artificial civilised existence.

It is to remind me that to live away from the Sunshine, the Wind, the Rain, Mud, Trees, Plants, and Animals of Nature will—in the end—lead to deterioration of body and mind, and I shall not be as perfect a part of the Great Whole as I might have been.

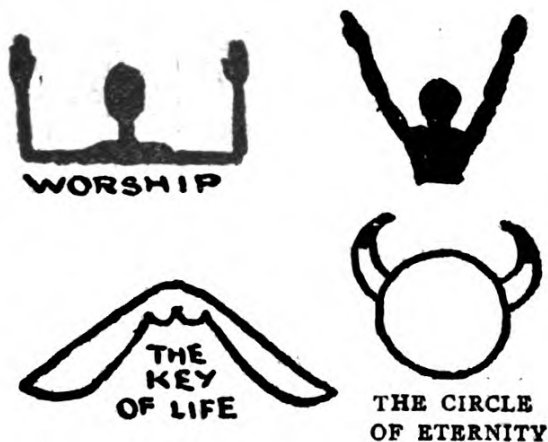


FIG. I. ANCIENT SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

It is to remind me always that the Fresh Air and the Hard Earth are the real things from which all Life originally evolved—and from which all life must continue to evolve.

It is to remind me that if I rely entirely upon mechanical and artificial civilised support I am cutting myself off from the Source of all Life—Nature.

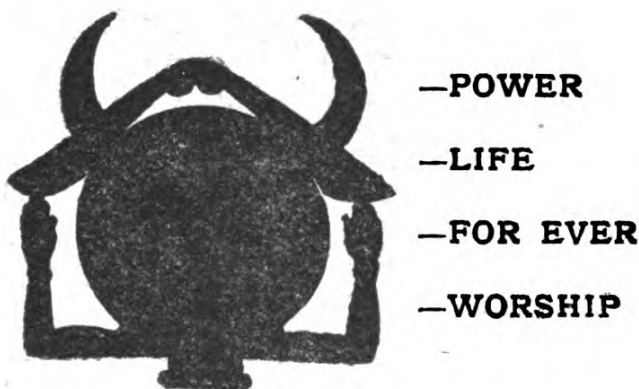


FIG. II.

By this Symbol I am to remember that if I wish to keep fit and keen in mind and body I must go away now and then from the towns, and 'buses, telephones, and trams, in order to regain lost vitality—in order “to get a breath of fresh air,” and to live close to the Earth from which my ancestors sprang.

If I neglect to do this, I know that I shall not belong to Everything—I shall become slack, and feeble, dull-eyed and flat-footed. Therefore, the Symbol really means something—something vitally important to life.

There is nothing supernatural or magical about it. It is a plain, straightforward Sign which stands for Life Itself, to remind me that nothing which man can invent or make or build can ever make up for the things upon which life itself depends :

FRESH AIR,
SUNLIGHT,

for without these things life degenerates and becomes less healthy—the mind becomes dull and worried and “fagged,” the body becomes feeble, tired, and “flabby.”

It is to remind us that we must :

“GET OUT—OR GO UNDER!”

Lest we forget—lest we forget. . . .

TALK XXIV

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE

You know the old saying : " What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh " ? There's a good deal of truth in that after all—don't you think so ?



THE DEVELOPMENT
OF THE
HUMAN SKULL

Supposing all men had been trained as Scouts while they were boys—Scouting and the healthy, outdoor instinct would " come out in the flesh," wouldn't it—and the children of *these* men would be *born* Scouts—because Scouting would be " bred in the bone." D'you get me ?

In this way—in time—we shall evolve and become a Scoutlike race ; in fact, that is exactly what is happening. " It's in my bones," says the old rheumatic gentleman—and we must get Scouting into the bones of the next generation.

Skulls are interesting things. In this sketch you can see how the skull of a man has evolved to a better type—a type capable of better reasoning and judgment. We must evolve. We must continue to evolve. We must not go back on a lower type. We must combine a hardy body with a quick and intelligent brain. The Scout Training will give this, and the children who are born Scouts—whose fathers and mothers have had a good, healthy, outdoor " scouty " training—will naturally be jolly good Scouts.

We must aim for that. Some people have a tendency to drink, or to steal, or to do wrong in one way or another—very often because it is " bred in the bone." They can't

help it. In the same way, the Scout-children who will be born of Scout-parents will have Scouting instincts, and a love for Nature and the out-door-camp-life "bred in the bone."

They won't be able to help it!—and their children in turn will be even *better* Scouts. Savvy? D'you ever think of this? D'you ever think what a "big thing" Scouting is—and how in time it is going to build a New Race of Scout Men? If you once realise this it makes the whole show so much more worth while. It isn't simply "a game to keep you out of mischief"—it's Life. You're going to train your own body and mind to the finest pitch of vitality and endurance and control—in order to help to construct the Empire of the Future—the Empire of Scouthood. This is true patriotism.

In order to do this you take up all kinds of Scouting and woodcrafty exercises which will train body and mind. You will try to be a Scout right through—there will be Scouting "in your bones." You will think like a Scout, speak like a Scout, and act like a Scout all the time, in order to stamp Scouting into your own muscles and brain. Some day we may even be able to say—"Oh, yes—so and so has Scout blood in him. . . ."

See what I mean? It's a great life—this Scouting. But bugle-blowing and badge-hunting won't do it. This is where we differ from most of the boys' organisations of the past—we're helping to evolve a New Race of Scout Men—we're the beginning of a new off-shoot of evolution—we're making ourselves something different from the old civilised boy—we're trying to become more healthy, and fit, and alert, and keen—and we shall hand on our Scout training "from one generation to another." It's a great idea—and it's working out—NOW! You hear people say: "What a little rascal he was—what a nuisance he was to everyone—but since he joined the Scouts he's quite different!"

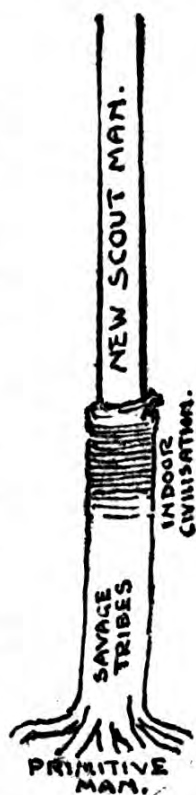


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE NEW OFF-SHOOT FROM THE OLD INDOOR CIVILISATION

That's queer, isn't it?—quite different!

And if he's "quite different" one may suppose that *his* children will be "different" and that he will see that they also go in for Scout Training as they grow up.

Man is the highest type of animal evolved—and is going to evolve *even higher*—by Scouting and Woodcraft.

This Scout training in hardihood, nature-study, handicrafts, and health, is going to be the Training of the Men of the Future. We're only the beginning—but we're important, and we must carry out the training faithfully and well—because we are laying the foundations upon which the future race will build.

We are stamping our brains—soaking our minds—in Scoutcraft, and in time Scoutcraft will be "bred in the bone."

Get on with it!

TALK XXV

THE GREAT MYSTERY

LONG ages ago primitive man began to think about things. It was when he began to think that he began to be quite different from the animals—because he began to *wonder* about everything. He wondered why the stars twinkled, and why the wind whistled and moaned; he wondered how the sun came up, made a half-circle overhead, and went down again the other side—he wondered what there was The Other Side—what the Land of the Beyond was like. He saw that he was surrounded by mystery and wonder—and he couldn't understand it.

He saw that huge trees grew from tiny seeds—and he couldn't make out why they should, or how they did it. He saw the river running through the valley for ever and ever, he heard it bubble and splash and chatter over pebbles and rocks—why did the river talk like that?—he wondered how the pebbles got there and who made the rocks. He wondered how all these things were fashioned and coloured. "There must be Something—Some Great Power behind all this . . ." he told himself.

He saw how human the trees looked, and he made friends with the trees of the forests and the rocks and the river and even the stars. He became very fond of it all. It was wonderful. Who did all this?—and how, and why? He



FISH-GOD.
S. SEA ISLANDS

could not explain it. But to show his worship for all the wonders he saw he set up wooden "gods" as symbols of the Great Life Force which he realised must be "behind it all." He liked to think that the trees had minds and souls and could think and wonder about things as he did himself. Even the stones to him had a hidden Force within. And gradually we find him worshipping all kinds of queer magical, fanciful spirits and gods—the Wind Spirit, the Fish-god, the Rain-god, the Thunder-bird, the Spirit of the Rocks, and many others.

He was trying to express that "wonder" which we all experience. Science has taught us a great deal about things. We know "the why and wherefore" of many things in Nature which to primitive man were absolute mysteries—he could only account for them by saying they were "big ju-ju"—MAGIC!



TREE-GOD

If primitive man had never begun to wonder—we should know nothing about anything. You see a great thinker or a great scientist is—a Great Wonderer. He wonders why a thing happens, then, like a true Scout, he tries to form an opinion by working on certain "clues"—just like a detective—until at last he finds out how it happens. Then it is called a "scientific discovery"—by "scientific research." But it all comes from the ability of man to wonder.

Although science has taught us much about all kinds of things—stars, rocks, animals, insects and plants—there is One Thing which is still as Great a Mystery as it was to primitive man!

We still don't know what this Great Life Force or Power is. We may never know. But we do know that it *is* there—that it *does* lie "behind it all"—and that *we are part of It*. It is still a Great Mystery. It is still wonderful. But we do know this for certain:

We must not become *unnatural*.

We must not become unnatural, because if we do we shall not belong to the Great Mystery of Nature—we shall not be a *part of It All*.

It is the duty of a Scout, therefore, to realise that life is full of the wonder and mystery of the Great Power—and it

is his duty to keep himself mentally and physically *as perfect a part* of that Great Mystery as he possibly can.

For this is a Law of Nature—**ANYTHING UN-NATURAL BECOMES WEAK, AND IN THE END DIES OUT.**



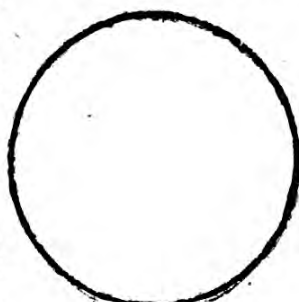
HE SAW HOW HUMAN THE TREES LOOKED

We had been living indoors too much. We had been working indoors too much. We didn't know enough about Nature, we didn't feel the sunlight on our bodies because we wore too many clothes—in fact we were becoming *un-natural* and *not* a perfect part of Life. We were "out of tune" with the Great Mystery.

Never forget that *your* body and *your* brain are parts of the Great Mystery. Be natural! Children ask queer questions, don't they? A child once asked me:

"Will you draw me a picture of God?"

"It can't be done," I said, "but I'll draw you a sign which stands for the Great Mystery," and I drew a circle on the paper. The circle of eternity—without beginning and without end—for ever and ever. . . .



THE CIRCLE
OF ETERNITY

Remember the Great Mystery in the days of your youth—and when you are old you will still see the wonder of It. Everything is part of it all—the Great Mystery is in all things . . . in the rocks, and the river, in the trees and the wind, in your limbs and your brain, your eyesight and your laughter. It is all wonderful.

Never let any of it become *unnatural*.

It is all sacred.



(WA)

E 77

.4

.xH3

